THE COMING SHOWDOWN IN THE SCHOOLS .. By H. D. Gideonse

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVIII No. 5 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1945 FIFTEEN CENTS

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by James Thurber
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

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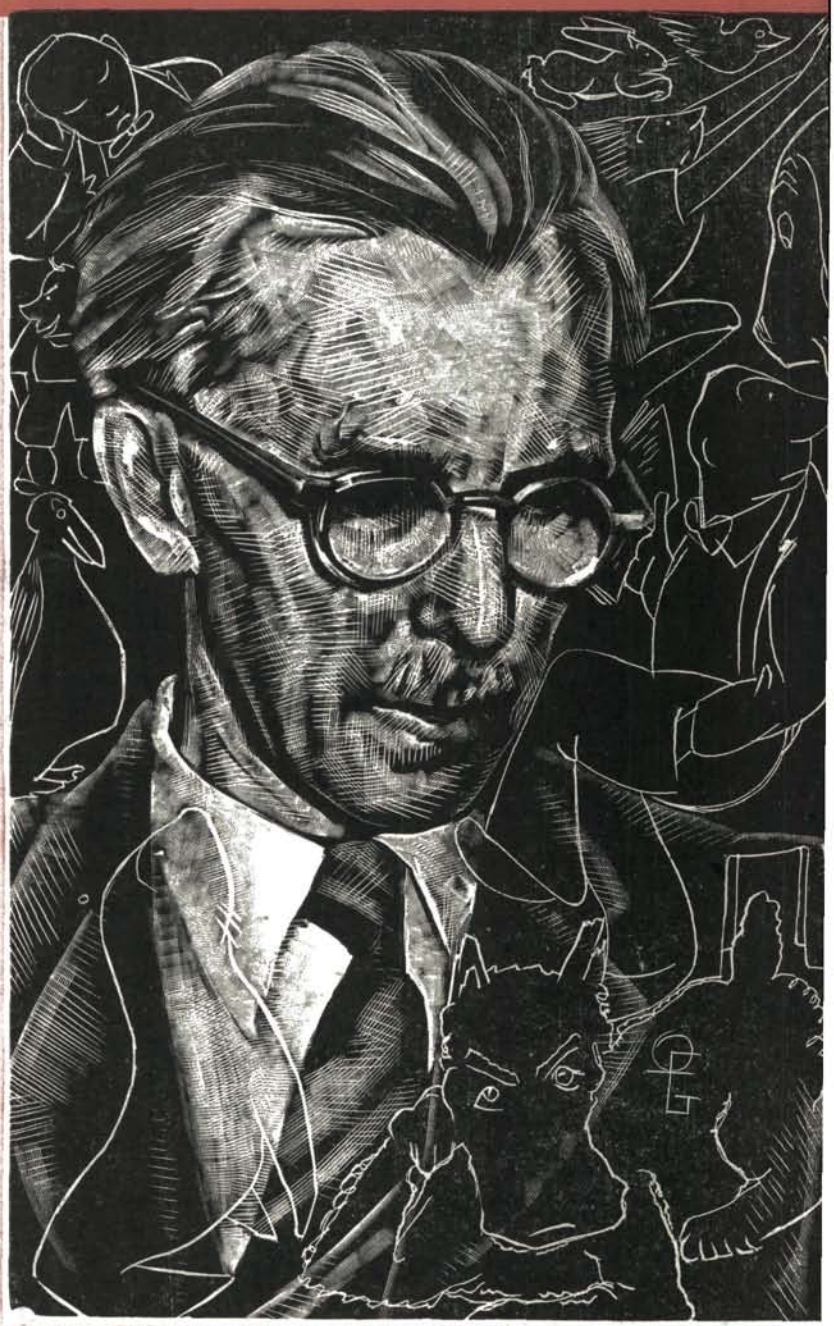

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVIII, No. 5, February 3, 1945. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1945, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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For a special sort of appetite...

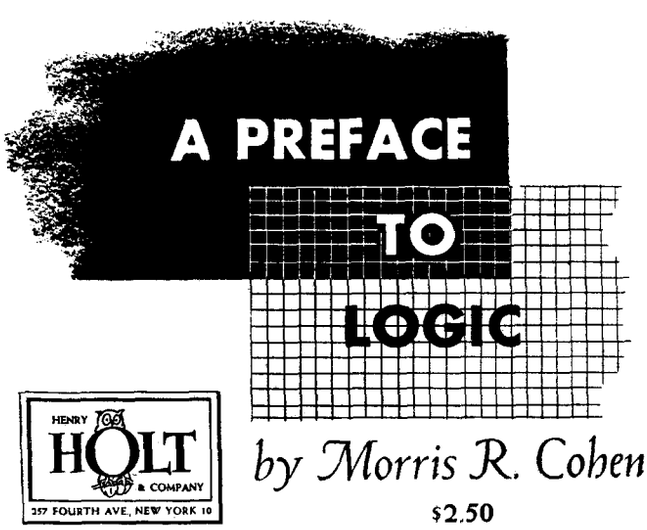
ANYONE who has rubbed up against publishing folk has probably heard the phrase "list-building." It's a professional term, and it means in general a balanced list. Not because a publisher likes to think of how various are his interests and how wide-ranging his intellect, but because his real function is to provide books of all sorts for all sorts of people. He is, someone once said in one of our innumerable shoptalks, like a good host. He serves up an assortment of reading for the public appetite, and that includes meat and potatoes and it includes caviar, and everything in between.

Last week we published a book for a rather special sort of appetite. Morris R. Cohen is well known to the many people who have read his great book published more than a decade ago, REASON AND NATURE. His new book, A PREFACE TO LOGIC, is not only for those people, but for anyone who finds pleasure and a quiet sort of excitement in a bout with such a volume as Lancelot Hogben's MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION or Einstein and Infeld's EVOLUTION OF PHYSICS. It's a book for the person who has come to grips with Santayana and William James, who has read Dr. Brill and Karen Horney. It's for anyone who likes to keep abreast of the latest developments in thought at the cost of a little strenuous exercise.

In the past century there has been as great a development in logic and its application as there has been in the more spectacular fields of physics and mathematics. Old theories have gone by the board. A discipline which had remained for more than twenty centuries in approximately the state to which the mind of Aristotle reduced it, suddenly entered upon a period of rapid growth. And the antiquated way of writing about it, with all its irritating verbalisms and rhetorical devices, has also changed. An author like Bertrand Russell illuminates his treatises with crackling aphorisms. Morris Cohen's is a modern mind in full play, a mind which is penetrating, direct, urbane, humorous. His discourse on probabilities, with its delicate and slightly irreverent wit and its ironic charm, will somehow make you think of Anatole France.

A PREFACE TO LOGIC is not an "outline." It does not systematically expound a special theory. From his base, situated at the center of contemporary achievement, Dr. Cohen makes brilliant sallies into a variety of subjects. As he says, it is "an exploration of the relation of logic to the rest of the universe." And in this case the word universe means exactly those fields of thought which that special reader for whom this book is published is quite ready to traverse, so long as his guide is not a bore.

The delightful essay on the Logic of Fiction is not a formal paper on literary criticism. But the discussion of metaphors, for example, will please those who have read Ogden and Richards' THE MEANING OF MEANING and the school of criticism based upon that work. Readers interested in moral values (and they rarely expect help from the logician) will be agreeably surprised. And above all, the man or woman who likes to think, who is willing to consider a theory, a problem, or a philosophy for the sheer delight of doing so, can be sure of a good time with A PREFACE TO LOGIC.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Coming Showdown in the Schools

A Report on the Battle of the Educators

HARRY D. GIDEONSE

TWO half truths do not make a whole truth. In a controversy, they may simply thicken the fog of confusion, and make it even harder for the interested observer to define the problem.

American education is pregnant with change. Some of it is inherent in the educational structure itself. More of it is a reflection of the structural changes in the larger social framework of which education is a part. It is almost as difficult to piece the half truths in circulation together into a coherent whole as it is to judge the size of the submerged part of an iceberg by the mass above the surface. A good deal of the argument is anchored in a special use of words—and tends to evaporate once terms are carefully defined and consistently used.

A small group of educators and publicists is easily recognizable as a school which presents a more or less similar critique of American education. Robert M. Hutchins and Mortimer J. Adler of the University of Chicago, Scott Buchanan of St. John's, and Mark Van Doren of Columbia University are clearly in the same camp with Walter Lippmann and Jacques Maritain, whose "Education at the Crossroads" has presented the most responsible and most closely reasoned version of the group's gospel.

Walter Lippmann has discussed the problem in the broadest terms. He blames the weaknesses of American public life upon the decline in classical education. Modern education, he has said, "is destined to destroy Western civilization" by refusing to transmit from generation to generation "the religious and classical culture of the Western world." The "science" of American education, he has charged, prepares men for the acceptance of "abominable crimes," for "playing with murder and robbery and the blackest brand of bad faith." Such possibilities are the "product of an academic system in which the study of moral wisdom has been abandoned," and in which conclusions are no longer "subject to the discipline of moral education."

It is not clear just what the words "religious and classical" culture mean to Walter Lippmann. To Mark Van Doren they mean, among other things, a return to the study of Greek, which, he says, is still the best language *"for any purpose."* To Maritain, as to Cardinal Newman, they mean, first of all, a vigorous reaffirmation of the basic assumptions of the Roman Catholic church about the framework in which formal education is to operate. To Protestant America—which is Protestant at least in the sense that it is not Roman Catholic—such a position leaves the main question unanswered. To Hutchins and Adler it seems to mean "the hundred books" read *in translation* on the assumption that the "sheer cultivation of intellectual virtues" includes the development of the student's values and character.

Mr. Lippmann does not define "moral education" and from the context I doubt whether he means the peculiar type of training that is still given in church-related schools and colleges, but which is no longer offered in public—that is, secularized—institutions,

Walter Lippmann charges that modern education "is destined to destroy Western civilization. . . ."

and which under the law may not be offered in most of them. If Mr. Lippmann means this type of training when he says "moral education," he does not give any reasons for the belief that the fruits of this formative process should be ascribed to formal education rather than the preceding family and church education. And, in any case, does Mr. Lippmann know of any objective evidence that demonstrates significant civic differences in the graduates of institutions that today offer such "moral education"? In other words, doesn't this reasoning point to causes far more deep-seated than the nature of school programs?

TO illustrate the extent to which further study widens perspective, let me take one stereotype among the many complaints concerning the fruits of modern education. It appeared again in a recent broadcast by Mark Van Doren which reiterated the old complaint that American children cannot read, write, or speak their own language properly. Perhaps we can all agree that this is a widespread defect and many of us may think this to be a peculiar American weakness. From my own experience, however, I can report that French and Dutch educators voice a similar criticism about the instruction in their native languages, and their school systems operate in a formal tradition and with a homogeneous population. Recently official reports on British and Russian education have broadened the issue.

In the summer of 1943 His Majesty's Stationery Office published the report of the so-called Norwood Committee on "Curriculum and Examinations in Secondary Schools," which has this to say about the native language:

> From all quarters, Universities, Professional Bodies, firms and business houses, training colleges, and many other interests and many individuals we have received strong evidence of the poor quality of the "English" of Secondary School pupils: This weakness has been stressed even by those who might have been expected to be concerned chiefly with other aspects of secondary edu-

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cation. The evidence is such as to leave no doubt in our minds that we are here confronted with a serious failure of the Secondary Schools. The complaint briefly is that too many pupils show marked inability to present ideas clearly to themselves, to arrange them, and to express them clearly on paper or in speech; they read without sure grasp of what they read, and they are too often at a loss in communicating what they wish to communicate in clear and simple sentences and in expressive and audible tone. If this complaint is true—and we are left no option but to believe it true—it deserves the most earnest attention of the schools.

In a report last summer by Vladimir Potemkin, People's Commissar of Education for the Russian S.F.S.R., which reached America only through the paragraphs which stressed the weaknesses of coeducation, considerable emphasis was given to the inability of the pupils to put their thoughts either on paper or in speech, and the view was expressed that the teachers, too, would "have to look to their Russian."

HERE, then, is a difficulty which appears to arise in social and educational systems as diverse as those of Stalin's Russia, traditional Britain, and democratic America. I suspect that the causes are closely related to the rapid extension downward of education which inevitably involves some dilution, and to the development of academic specialization which has introduced the native language as a separate "subject" with specialized teachers. This in turn tended to separate form and substance, and has led teachers of other subjects to assume that composition and style were the exclusive responsibility of the language teacher. The Norwood Committee definitely adopted the latter view, heroically recommending the abolition of English as a special subject and providing for additional English requirements for the teachers of other subjects.

Fundamentally, too, this difficulty is probably an aspect of the general development of literacy and of communication techniques. In America we cherish the traditional picture of Lincoln developing the style of the Second Inaugural on the models of the King James translation of the Bible, Shakespeare, and Blackstone. Even if a 1944 Lincoln should read his predecessor's classics, think of the competition his models would have to endure from the daily press, the magazines, and the radio—all pitched at levels designed to attract mass consumption. The remedy may well lie in the "habitual vision of greatness," but to overcome the levelling pressures of modern life, a good deal more will be required than a program of reading classics in translation.

Mark Van Doren says that "American children cannot read, write, or speak their own language properly."

It suggests the development in the schools of a special environment compatible with the habitual vision of greatness, and sufficiently formative in its influence to overcome competing influences elsewhere in the community. It suggests, in the language of the Norwood Committee, that "the curriculum must fit the child, and not the child the curriculum." And the child coming from a twentieth century community differs sharply from the child that came to the schools even as recently as in Lincoln's boyhood.

The language of the Norwood Committee will sound suspiciously "progressive" to our American critics who are on the warpath against "progressive education." Mortimer J. Adler has called John Dewey "public enemy number one" and Scott Buchanan has protested against the view that "each man's education must be tailor-made for each moment of his life," or that "our educational programs must contain an item of instruction to answer each moment's interest in every man's life." Mr. Buchanan would probably have great difficulty in proving that any responsible group of American educators hold such views. Sidney Hook has commented that Buchanan's statement amounts to saying that, since milk is good for the health, it is *therefore* good to drink milk every moment of one's life. "If education should be designed in relation to individual need, it does *not* follow that *all* of it should be, at *every* moment."

Mark Van Doren—who, in characteristic graduate professor style, appears to be unaware of the actual facts about American undergraduate colleges in general, as well as of the able and pioneering program of the college in his own university in particular—repeats the stereotyped complaints about the "elective system," preaches that student life should be "the life of study" (what does a dean do when it isn't?), and prescribes with ivory tower thoroughness that a genuine curriculum shall "permit no student to miss any important thing anywhere." "The whole of it will be prescribed, and prescribed for everybody."

Maritain fears that "by dint of insisting that in order to teach John mathematics it is more important to know John than to know mathematics—which is true enough in one sense—the teacher will so perfectly succeed in knowing John that John will never succeed in knowing mathematics. Modern pedagogy has made invaluable progress in stressing the necessity of carefully analyzing and fixing its gaze on the human subject. The wrong begins when *the object to be taught* and *the primacy of the object* are forgotten, and when the cult of the means—not to an end, but without an end—only ends up in a psychological worship of the subject."

Perhaps some of the teachers' colleges have over-emphasized methods, but is there any evidence that college faculties have paid much attention to the views of their colleagues in the departments of education? Does Maritain really mean that mathematics is the *end*? Isn't the *end* a student trained to think mathematically? If so, is there any issue? Is there much doubt today that the success of the mathematics programs of the armed services is largely due to the motivation of the students, and to the recasting of instruction to insure full use of the momentum provided by the motivation? Isn't there a lesson there for civilian peace time teaching? Isn't the remarkable success of our training program for merchant marine officers due to the adoption of the "project" method, designed to stimulate individual observation of specific "problems?" Isn't the Army's successful language program—successful, that is, in terms of its own limited objectives—another striking illustration of the progressive principle that "you learn what you live?"

THE "chaos" of the elective system is to a large extent a strawman if the phrase is meant to describe the absence of required courses. Readers who limited their study of American colleges to Hutchins, Adler, or Van Doren would not learn that in most American colleges something like one-half the program is required for all students. In Brooklyn College it would be as much as three-fourths for many students, and in *most* American colleges it would run as high as that if the requirements of general education and the major subject were added to-

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gether. Van Doren, following the Hutchins and Adler line of attack, tells us that "the educator knows little more than the student concerning the relative worth of subjects, and so, at any rate until recently, has been content to let the students decide among them." If Van Doren had based his "Liberal Education" on some observation of actual college data instead of writing a literary commentary on the St. John's "five foot shelf," he would have known that for the average American college student elective-freedom exists with regard to only about one-fourth of the work taken during the usual four years.

Maritain, always closer to the evidence, denounces the weaknesses of the elective system, but adds a footnote comment that "the rejection of the elective system does not imply that in addition to the essential (and therefore) required subjects of the curriculum, other subjects should not be taught in optional courses, chosen by students according to their own preferences." His allowance for optional courses, if added to the "required" work in most of our leading institutions, would just about cover the actual status quo. Clearly the basic reason for the malaise, if such it be, is elsewhere.

ELIOT introduced the elective system at Harvard largely as an administrative device with which to attack the academic vested interests of the day. It was difficult to design a modern core for the undergraduate curriculum as a substitute for the prevailing classical program, because as long as the classical curriculum was in effect, the faculty, which votes on curricular changes, would not include many teachers of subjects that might have been favored if a defensible modern core requirement was to be substituted. Eliot therefore chose the slogan of freedom as the battle cry for his campaign to get recognition for the new subjects. It was probably good tactics, but after the removal of the old vested interests by the elective system, the strategical obligation to search for a defensible modern core curriculum still remained. American colleges are not preparing young people to live in the Greece of Plato's time, or in Paris of the thirteenth century, or in colonial America of Benjamin Franklin's time. A formulation of basic educational objectives for our time will take account of the problem of preparing youth to live in contemporary society. A "required" curriculum is not necessarily superior to "elective chaos" if the courses that are required are obscurantist irrelevancies or so-called "classical" subjects which have nothing to commend them except their traditional prestige among teachers brought up in the same tradition.

At Harvard the turn in the tide against elective freedom already came under President Lowell, and the outstanding fact about the American college picture today is the multiplicity of experiments and evaluations in the construction of a required modern core curriculum. From Antioch to Bennington, from Swarthmore to Hamilton, from the University of Minnesota to Columbia College—everywhere discontent with some of the by-products of the elective system has motivated a search for a modern synthesis. Columbia College under the sober but persistent leadership of the late Dean Hawkes was an outstanding leader in this movement, and President Hutchins's initiative in the promotion of the original Chicago college plan gave a powerful impetus in 1930. The present criticism of the elective system is twenty years behind the times. The significant curricular issues today are concerned with the nature of the required program to take the place of the old elective freedom.

The war has accelerated the movement toward a new required core. To some the war suggested the possibility of devaluating the academic currency by offering the bachelor's degree at the end of the sophomore year. Such a premium on superficiality was justified on the grounds that the bachelor's degree was awarded at "the end of general education" in the middle ages, a plea which is, of course, as irrelevant to modern needs as the statement, which would be equally true historically, that the medieval surgeon was a barber. Others, more concerned with the actual problems of the American college, rejected this line of least resistance, and tried to find a defensible formulation of educational objectives which might give

—*Halsman*

Mortimer J. Adler calls "John Dewey 'public enemy number one.' . . ."

the limited acceleration aim of "four-years-in-three" some theoretical substance. This group began to ask questions about the core of the undergraduate program which accelerated the dominant trend toward a required nucleus which has been visible since Columbia College introduced its freshman work in contemporary civilization twenty-five years ago. The war has once again drawn the fact into sharp focus that our forty-eight states with their mixtures of private and public institutions and the prevailing combination of acute competition and laissez-faire, have given us a "system" in which college diplomas in one state do not represent achievements that go beyond those of the academic high schools in another. America has abundant facilities for gaining college degrees, but the opportunities for acquiring a college education are far more restricted, and this is as much of a problem of the organization of our national system as a whole as it is a question of the philosophy underlying curriculum design.

THE national requirements of the defense program introduced a drive toward minimum standards, and in colleges where the elective system still flourished in its post-Eliot metaphysical innocence, the laissez-faire assumptions which underlie the registrar's arithmetic that says: 120 course credits=B.A., revealed a chasm of educational nihilism that justified even Mr. Hutchins's sharp indictment. Elsewhere a great verbal orgasm about "acceleration" produced little more than a scheme designed to collect the same amount of fees from the average student. The speed-up, however, is usually stated to be designed "to insure the essentials of a liberal arts education" and even at its worst, when the result was simply a chronological acceleration of the old registrar's arithmetic, such a formulation of objectives focussed new attention on the clarification of educational purpose.

Two important and representative documents reflect the trend. The first is a significant report to the Association of American Colleges by its Commission on Liberal Education. It enumerated the following core objectives:

a. To speak one's own language correctly and effectively; to read significant documents with comprehension and to write clearly.

b. To use at least one other language with facility.

c. To recognize and organize facts of different types, and to interpret them coherently.

d. To understand and appreciate great documents of art, morals, and religion, and to evaluate them with imagination and wisdom.

e. To use intelligently and with a sense of workmanship some of the

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principal tools and techniques of the arts and sciences.

f. To live with others, with imaginative sympathy and understanding, and to work with them coöperatively and justly.

The report elaborated this chart in an enumeration of the areas of knowledge involved, but the employment in the above list of the verb "use" in *e* and the verb "live" in *f* especially should be stressed. It indicates the depth of the reaction in this representative document against "sheer intellectualism," and the emphasis on experience itself as a college objective. The Commission also emphasized the importance of unity in the individual's educational experience: "It is not enough to know a great many facts in the main areas of human knowledge or to be responsive to various kinds of value. To be liberally educated is to understand these facts and these values in their relation to one another." The report emphatically rejected the notion that the classics should be studied apart from the historic content from which they derive their meaning, and it called for effective counselling and individualized treatment, and the general use of aptitude and achievement tests. There was no faith here in a program that would be the same for every one, always, everywhere.

These recommendations were in line with the able summary of the work of the Carnegie Endowment for the Advancement of Teaching which was recently published by William S. Learned under the title "Two Decades of Educational Enquiry."*

Meanwhile a strong committee of the American Council on Education has completed a study on "A Design for General Education"** which includes amongst the broad objectives the attainment of "sound emotional and social adjustments through the enjoyment of a wide range of social relationships and the experience of working coöperatively with others," as well as the development of "means of self-expression in music and in the various arts and crafts"—a parallel to the "use" and "live" formulation of the "Commission on Liberal Education."

THE report is particularly useful because of the specific course outlines which it presents, and it emphasizes the same trend toward sharper focus on the study of values, explicit as well as implicit, which was also a marked characteristic of the Liberal Education report. Arthur E. Murphy's recent book, "The Uses of Reason," was published after these reports were written, but its content and general tone give a fair idea of the direction in which the aims in philosophy are projected. Meanwhile the Commission on Liberal Education is continuing its program of specific implementation in such fields as the natural sciences, the social sciences, and especially the field of religious education in which institutions like Wellesley and Colgate have developed sound and vigorous programs.

The focal importance of values is clear. All of us by now are a bit frightened by the nihilism that characterized so much of the American intellectual landscape before the war. We remember with a shiver the climate of opinion in which university presidents could pretend to see so many imperfections in democratic civilization that they could not justify value judgments on our part about totalitarian barbarism. Most of us today can accept Reinhold Niebuhr's judgment that it was "sheer moral perversity to equate the inconsistencies of a democratic civilization with the brutalities which modern tyrannical states practise. If we cannot make a distinction here, there are no historical distinctions which have any value."

We lived in a morally bleak decade in which academic "best sellers" could say that "the search for power is not made for the achievement of moral values: moral values are used to facilitate the achievement of power" (N. Spykman, "America's Strategy in World Politics," p. 18); or that in the managerial society to come the "managers" would work with any one and would not be "so squeamish as to insist that their words should coincide with their actions and aims" (James Burnham, "The Managerial Revolution," p. 255); or that polar words like "just" and "unjust" are useful in provoking folks to kill one another "in a consecrated way," and that the social scientist should therefore use them "in public but he should not believe in them" (Thurman Arnold, "The Folklore of Capitalism," p. 174).

—Drawing by S. J. Woolf, reproduced by courtesy of Time.

John Dewey "has a program for a closer integration of school and society."

Here was a "trahison des clercs" that would have paled the purplest pages of Julien Benda's well-known essay. A naive philosophy of history, usually implicit and unstated, ignored the potentialities for evil in human nature and presented history as progress into an era of sweet reasonableness, and higher (material) standards of living. It left a whole generation bewildered when the "Old Adam" did not respond to the appeal of material security, better plumbing, and babies wrapped in cellophane. Some social scientists who, in pursuit of a spurious objectivity, deliberately overlooked the basic fact that values are the core of society, themselves became a sinister symptom of the disease they sought to describe. Who does not remember MacLeish's "The Irresponsibles" in literature, or in politics that single man's vote in the House of Representatives which saved conscription in the very year of Pearl Harbor?

NOW that we are in the victorious phase of the Second World War of the century, we can draw another breath. How many of us think that we are victorious because we have a firm grasp on the values of a free society? How much of our military success is simply due to greater material resources and to superior technical equipment? Do we have a clear sense of purpose in our national life and regarding the functions of America in a world order?

Nihilism is not going to see us through the tribulations of the postwar world. A defeated Germany—or a Nazified Europe—may not cling to Nazi ideals as long as some of us fear; but will the nihilist generation that will follow desert its faithlessness for an empty shell of democratic verbiage that covers a moral vacuum? Most of us may reject the loyalties of a Marxist party line, or the unifying drive of the Thomist-Aristotelians on the Chicago Midway who would curb history with the intellectualist superstructure of St. Thomas without accepting the religious roots of Aquinas's faith. But who would care to argue that we can meet the future without a moral equivalent of either that is adequate to meet the needs of our time and compatible with our free heritage?

John Dewey's position—as expounded in his classical "Democracy and Education," published in 1916, or in his recent essay on a "Challenge to Liberal Thought" in *Fortune* of Au-

*Published in the Association of American Colleges Bulletin, May, 1943.

**American Council on Education Studies—Number 18 (June, 1944).

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gust, 1944—makes it clear that the alternative to Mr. Hutchins's position is not necessarily inspired by admiration for the educational status quo. Dewey criticized the prevailing system for its lack of unity of aim, material, and method long before Mr. Hutchins was born. The need for a closer integration of school and society, and for a simplified curricular design, has been the driving force behind the "progressive" experimentation of the past generation. Few of us believe that Mr. Hutchins's "sheer cultivation of intellectual virtues" will answer these needs, even if we respond to his angry denunciation of materialism, of pretentious registrar arithmetic, and of factual adding machine research that is metaphysically illiterate. Many of us will not accept the idea that education is "responsible" for the moral chaos about us, and although we may accept the challenge that educators should participate in moral and intellectual reconstruction, we shall expect little from formal education if corresponding changes do not occur in the basic formative (that is, educational) influences that play on youth and adult alike in our culture. But of one thing we may be sure. The young people in our colleges this winter were not even in the nursery schools when the Great Disillusionment of 1929 came. They are a generation that grew up under special strains of depression and of war, and they will experience intense post-war vocational pressures due to veterans' priorities and the rigidities of tenure and seniority introduced by strong pressure groups.

IT is not reasonable to expect education to be a model of order in an untidy world. Fundamentally every generation has the kind of youth it deserves. We are in a sense witnessing the erosion of a culture, and the measures of cultural conservation that are overdue are not merely, or even primarily, a matter of formal education. The reports and monographs of the American Youth Commission and Dorothy Canfield Fisher's individual summary volume "Our Young Folks" have given us warning based on the experience of the Thirties. They argue a radical reorientation of education toward a more than intellectual education. They raise questions about the traditional separation of school and society, of mind and body, and of intellectual and practical education on the one hand, and of intellectual and moral education on the other.

Education for the whole man may be the most "meaningless" phrase in education to Mr. Hutchins ("Education for Freedom," p. 36). It is humiliating to compare the thin rhetoric

(*Continued on page 20*)

—*From the book.*

Carnival with Spectres

THE THURBER CARNIVAL. Text and Pictures by James Thurber. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 359 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MY first feeling in attempting to write about James Thurber is, "Who am I among so many?" He has been praised to the skies by far abler pens than mine. Hastily scanning the inside of the back jacket of the present book I thought it said, "he was born in time to attend Ohio State University." As though there ever could have been a closed season for thurbers! I used to know some thurbers when I was a small boy; but they were nothing like Jim Thurber. For that matter neither is anyone else.

Maybe they lived in Washington, when I had typhoid in Washington. Jim Thurber once worked in Washington. In the State Department. In the same gallery with my brother. They decoded things in the last war, and Steve wrote poems on the side, and I am perfectly sure that Jim drew dogs with big floppy ears. He has made that sort of dog immortal. Some day they may find a way to breed them. I have some original thurbers he once drew in a speak-easy. He would draw between one or two million a night when he was feeling morose. On small pieces of paper. I have some of those. In pencil.

This is getting nowhere! The contents of this "Thurber Carnival" are collected from eight books. The first section is of stories not collected before in book form. One of these appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Another deals with the secret life of Thurber. "The Catbird Seat" is simply terrific. Somehow the section of the book that got me most hysterical this time was from "The Owl in the Attic." It is called "The Pet Department." I fell out of bed and nearly swallowed my dentistry. But I would willingly break an arm for more thurber.

The most classic of his pictures are here. They suffer a bit from the size of the book which reduces them too far. But they are matchless still. "The Man Who Hated Moonbaum," a story, is perfect of the complete Hollywood moron. There are the reminiscences from "My Life and Hard Times," there are the "Fables for Our Time," and the "Famous Poems Illustrated," the best moral of one of the fables being "Even the llama should stick to mamma." The picture on page 191 to illustrate "The Day the Dam Broke" shows how amazingly Thurber can pictorially handle crowds. In the imaginative stories you read of many husbands and wives that are exactly like most husbands and wives in their embittered dialogue. There is a superb parody of the "Tobacco Road" kind of Southern idyll. There are the secret lives of a number of people, one of the best being "The Remarkable Case of Mr. Bruhl" whose particular facial scar caused him to resemble a famous gangster. "The Black Magic of Barney Haller" is among the best of the fantasies. "If Grant had been drinking at Appomattox" throws me every time. In Elliot Vereker, the great genius of "Something to Say," who is shown as the most monumental heel of all time, you have a horrible example such as is always cropping up in the literary world. In "The Curb in the Sky" you have a wife who is perfect distilled poison. In "The Greatest Man in the World" you have an aviator who is a terrific mechanic. There is a superior discussion of Macbeth as a Murder Mystery. In quite another vein is the haunting desolateness of "The Evening's at Seven," and "One Is a Wanderer." James Thurber can do a number of different things extremely well.

My last feeling, in attempting to write about Thurber, is, "Here is one of the absolutely essential books of our time." This man knows more about human nature than most psychiatrists. He is a great humorist, whether he is writing or drawing. And "humorist" means much more than a man who is merely funny. And a "Thurber Carnival" wouldn't be his kind of carnival without some pretty real and active spectres.

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The War Behind the War

THE VIGIL OF A NATION. By Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Co. 1945. 256 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON FORMAN

PHILOSOPHER LIN YUTANG begins his "The Vigil of a Nation" with the very best of intentions. "It is essentially a book about a journey," he says on page one. "This is what I saw and what I felt."

When he sticks to what he saw and felt he does a magnificent job of it. He's written masterfully of the "colors and sounds and smells" as he encountered them on his six months' journey to wartime China during the winter of 1943-44.

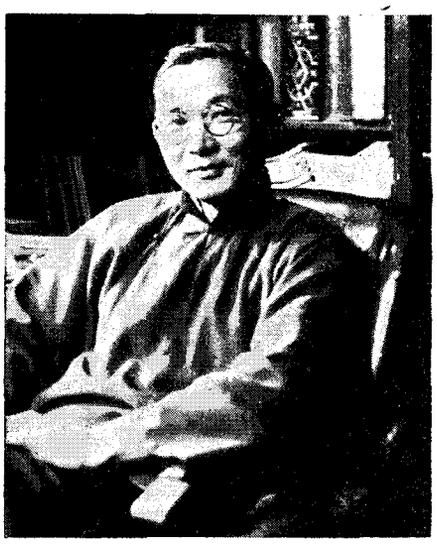
In Chungking, he wanted and expected to see, "not a Chungking dressed up for parade, but one in war attire, a little shabby at the elbows for the seven years of hard service. It would be a Chungking tattered and heroic, beloved and familiar as life itself."

He strolls the streets with his senses attuned to all the many and varied sights and smells and sounds of a bustling, over-crowded boom town wartime capital. He notes its many refugees from the coastal provinces who have brought with them their dialects, their special foods, and their modernisms. He deplores the scarcity of books and attributes this mistakenly to an embargo instead of blockade. He is distressed by the inflation which has brought so much hardship, particularly to the salaried white-collar class. But he's proud that they can take it, and will continue to take it, until the enemy is driven from the land.

So, too, is he proud of what he saw of wartime China's industrialization—industrialization in the face of blockade, inflation, and lack of machinery or trained personnel. That three out of four Chungking-made matches would not light does not discourage him. In his childhood he had seen only Japanese or Swedish matches. Now China was making her own matches, and one out of four was certain to light! "That is no small national triumph," he observes with pride, "and I have the right to be immensely pleased." So, too, is he proud of all the things a blockaded China was compelled by necessity to make for herself—pencils, dry-batteries, dental creams, toothbrushes, telephones, radios, gear-cutters, and gasoline.

It is when Philosopher Lin leaves off writing of colors and sounds and smells and takes on the job of defending a hurt and misunderstood China, "stepchild of the United Nations and, like all stepchildren, heaped with ridicule," that "The Vigil of a Nation" becomes, to me, regrettably disappointing. For here Dr. Lin steps into a field I believe to be beyond his experience and first-hand knowledge—particularly with respect to the "civil war" between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists.

His motives undoubtedly stem from a sense of patriotism—to set the record straight about what he personally feels is an injustice to the Government-ruling Kuomintang Party. But Dr. Lin, unfortunately, does not probe deeply enough into the problem. He does not, for example, listen to what both sides have to say, as any fair-minded reporter should do. He scorns the foreign newsmen in Chungking for refusing to accept the Government Spokesman's categorical denial that several hundred thousand of the best



Lin Yutang

troops in China were being used to impose an economic and military blockade against the Communists in the north. He is shocked to learn that these foreign correspondents went to the Communists' official representative in Chungking, Tung Pi-wu, and asked for his comment, and were told, "If there's no blockade why doesn't the Government let you correspondents go up there and see for yourselves?"

Instead, Dr. Lin appears to believe just about everything the Kuomintang diehards told him about the Communists. He proceeds, then, to blast the Communists with an imposing array of arguments, facts, and figures to prove that the Communists are traitorous So-and-Sos who are shamefully airing a family dispute abroad, while "the Chinese Government still prefers to keep its mouth shut, like a witness in the dock trying to protect someone he loves."

Chinese Government publicity, he adds, "has not let out one unkind word about the Communists."

Perhaps Dr. Lin hasn't or doesn't read the newspapers, or he wouldn't be so positive about this. In point of fact, the case is somewhat reversed. Government officials—including the Generalissimo himself—have publicly referred to the Communists in the strongest of terms, and on numerous occasions. May I call Dr. Lin's attention to some of these:

In his instructions for the settlement of the "problem of the Communist Party" delivered before the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang in September, 1943, the Generalissimo said:

> We earnestly expect the Communist Party will . . . abandon its policy of forcefully occupying our national territory and give up their past tactics of assaulting National Government troops in various sectors, thus obstructing the prosecution of the war.

Some days later, on September 14, 1943, the Central Executive Committee dutifully proclaimed in a formal resolution:

> The Communist Party instead of showing the slightest sign of being moved . . . has actually intensified its activities in endangering the security of the State and sabotaging our war efforts . . .

And, from an editorial in the Kuomintang's official organ, the *Chung Yang Jih Pao,* of September 16, 1943:

> Both in action and principle the Chinese Communists have tried consistently to reach their political objectives by armed violence after building up their own armed forces and an independent administration. This has, unfortunately, delayed China's unification and reduced her power to resist. Everyone can see that, apart from the Kuomintang, there is no other force in China capable of organizing a war against Japan.

(I record these particular quotations for they appeared just about the time Dr. Lin was setting out for China to gather his material for "The Vigil of a Nation.")

We foreign correspondents in Chungking were expected to cable such statements to our papers. Yet, when we tried to send the Communists' answer to some of the charges made against them, our cables were not only censored by the Kuomintang authorities but we were accused of being "unfriendly" to the Government. They just couldn't understand a newspaperman's sense of duty to get at the truth through a hearing from both sides in a controversy. So far as the Chungking Powers-That-Be were con-

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cerned you were either "for us or agin us."

For first-hand information they sent Dr. Lin on a Cook's Tour of the front. In Sian he talked with some party workers in the War Area Service who told him some very interesting stories. (Incidentally, I was in Sian a few months later and heard the same stories from the same party workers.) One told "an amusing but sad story," reports Reporter Lin, of how they set a trap and made the Communists fight the Japanese by mistake. It seems a Kuomintang officer disguised some of his men as Communists and made a hit-and-run attack on the Japanese. At the same time, more of his men—disguised as Japanese—attacked the Communists camp near by. "Soon the Japs and the Communists found themselves fighting, with both sides suffering severe casualties," related the party worker gleefully. The trick was repeated several times that year, "until the Communists found it out and captured the Kuomintang officer and buried him alive."

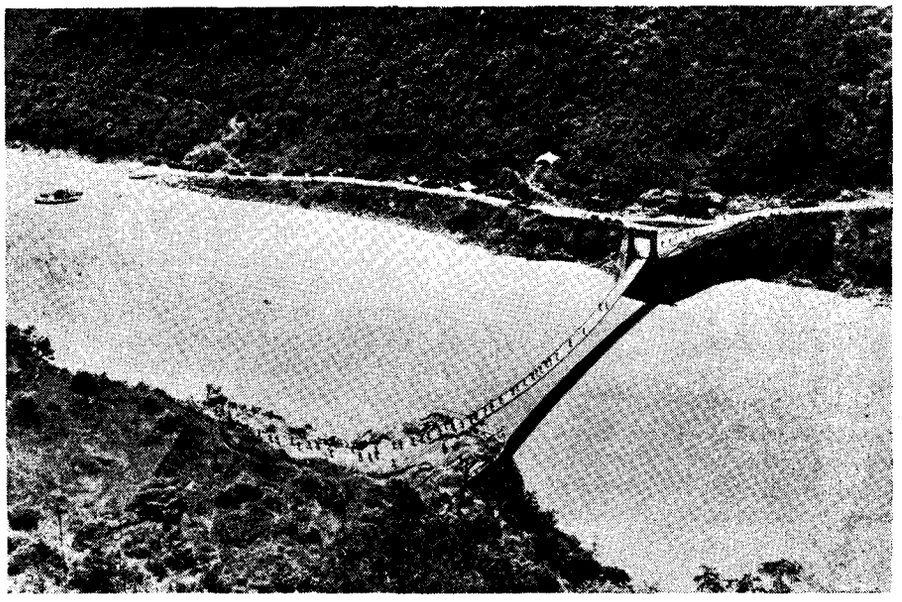
Dr. Lin tells this smart-aleck's story to prove that the Communists are barbarians who bury their fellow Chinese alive. "They buried over 400 alive in 1941," he says with horror. Dr. Lin appears to forget that the fellow was most certainly a traitor to set the enemy against his own people, instead of joining with the Communists to destroy the invader.

There are occasional moments when Dr. Lin is his own critical, reasoning self. At such moments Dr. Lin frankly takes the government-ruling Kuomintang Party to task and is surprisingly frank about it.

While he does not believe it definitely fascist, he does think the Kuomintang today "has all the evils of paternalism, overanxious to guide and channel people's thoughts and actions, and not anxious enough to let the people guide themselves." Such evils of paternalism, however, are corrigible, he believes. "The evils of totalitarianism are not. For definite evidence of the latter, one must go to Yenan," he concludes.

This paternalism, he declares, is to a certain extent inevitable in the Kuomintang's "period of political tutelage," as the very name implies. "Yet the declared aim of such political tutelage is teaching the people to govern themselves, and the sooner they are allowed to govern themselves in every direction and have their voice heard, the earlier will they see results."

Meanwhile what China needs is an immediate enforcement of the Bill of Rights, he declared. "When the protection of civil rights is enforced, the people do not have to learn to be democratic." He insists, moreover, the people of China are already prepared for democracy, and that they should be given freedom of the press, of speech, belief, and assembly, which are the foundations of democracy, and which afford the only effective check on the honesty and efficiency of their government. "When the ruling party," he warns, "forgets that it is only elected to rule by the rest of the group, and tends to suppress criticism of its actions, it is to that extent undemocratic." And, he adds, "insofar as the Kuomintang has failed to encourage liberty of criticism through freedom of the press, it is moving in the wrong direction."



Hwitung foot bridge built over the Salween River in southwestern China by U. S. Army Engineers.

Revealing a commendable sympathy with the problems and plights of the "little people" in China, Dr. Lin is moved to find at least something good about the Communists. They are democratic, he observes, "only in the sense that they have always theoretically stood for the rights of the peasants and labor, that they are ahead of Chungking in organizing people for self-government, that they have workers' unions, peasant unions, women's unions, that they have stood for the peasants against the landlords and have reduced the interest on loans."

The Kuomintang, on the other hand, has "failed to emphasize the rights of peasants and labor and the common people," he writes. "Nowhere in Kuomingtang China have I seen the common people made to feel that they are important. Yet, until the people of China are made to feel that the 'little people' are the important people, China will fail in the final analysis to qualify for the title of democracy."

There is, to be sure, much to be said for Dr. Lin's concern but continued encouragement of the Chinese Communists by American opinion may eventually lead to a magnification of the problem. China may well find herself confronted with a "Chinese Jinnah and a Chinese 'Pakistan'." There are few Americans, indeed, who will wish that for China. Dr. Lin suggests the best way to avert such a sharp political division—with its imminent threat to open civil war—is for Washington to send three tank divisions to the Kuomintang-controlled armies. That most certainly is the fascist way of answering the political demands of ninety millions of people—whatever these demands might be. The democratic way would be to set the whole problem before the people—all the people—and let them decide for themselves what should be their form of government and who should be their leaders. Dr. Lin himself says the people of China are already prepared for such democracy.

Had this book reflected more of Philosopher Lin and less of Reporter Lin, it would have been, for me at least, well worth reading. Unfortunately, he has seen fit to weight it with too much obviously propagandist material based upon what he was fed by diehard Kuomintang members who must have sold him on the idea that it was his patriotic duty to correct a "distorted picture" resulting from "some low-grade reporting."

For Philosopher Lin to take this responsibility upon his shoulders is a definite step-down in dignity. He shouldn't have done it; regardless of how convincing all those arguments, those facts and figures they gave him must have sounded. For while he is without question entitled to his personal opinions, he is shockingly off the track about altogether too much of his

(*Continued on page* 19)

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A View of Business as "Rule Maker"

TOMORROW'S BUSINESS. By Beardsley Ruml. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 238 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL M. O'LEARY

MR. RUML is one of those rare and fortunate men who can find time in a strenuous business career to reflect upon broad social problems, come to firm conclusions, and present them to the public in simple, lucid English. His influence upon our Federal tax system is well known though not universally appreciated at this time of year. His views on post-war taxation are a subject of lively controversy in many quarters. In "Tomorrow's Business" he has given us a calm, good tempered, clearly written book covering a range of problems where calmness, good temper, and clearness are all too frequently absent.

Mr. Ruml is principally interested in freedom as an end and government as a means of establishing, maintaining, and fostering freedom. His theory of government is pluralistic. He chooses to treat business in its governing aspect, that is as a "rule maker," or form of private government, the three other such agencies being the family, the church, and the trade-union. Business has three functions: to get things ready for use, to provide people with purposeful activity, and to give people a way to save productively a part of what they earn. But the ultimate validity of business as a social institution depends upon whether it "helps or hinders us in the attainment of personal dignity and freedom." Mr. Ruml devotes the first twenty-six pages of his book to defining freedom the essence of which he finds to be a condition under which people "can realize, with reasonable completeness, the potentialities as persons that inhere in their capacities as individuals. The demand for freedom is a demand for fulfilment, for growth, for life—not in the material or biological area alone, but also in the realm of mind and spirit."

This concern with freedom as the end and government in its plural forms as means is far too rare in most current economic writing which all too frequently takes "full employment" as the end and everything else, including in many instances the sacrifice of considerable freedom, as the means. Mr. Ruml believes ardently in the necessity of maintaining full employment and he presents a program for doing it but he is sharply attentive at all times to the impact of economic controls upon freedom. He is optimistic as to the possibility of maintaining the health of business at a level where as a form of private government, a "rule maker," it can both preserve and foster freedom, and insure full employment. Bold use of the greatly enlarged post-war Federal budget, scientific reform of Federal taxation, and stabilization of the construction industry through reforms of its own restrictive practices accompanied by carefully planned public works are the principal weapons he would employ to maintain a high level of business health.

Every one of Mr. Ruml's proposals in regard to government fiscal policy, taxation reform, and stabilization of the construction industry raises a host of controversial questions, each one of which could be discussed at great length. In fact they are being so discussed in economic journals and elsewhere. Mr. Ruml makes out a persuasive case for his program, though he probably underestimates the difficulty of actually putting it into effect in view of the way the Federal government operates. There is a vast difference between a fiscal program which is good on paper and one which has much chance of actually emerging from the numerous executive and legislative agencies which assist (though they do not always coöperate) at the birth of any fiscal measure, whether it be an appropriation bill or a revenue bill. Furthermore, I suspect that part of Mr. Ruml's success in making his fiscal program seem more financially "respectable" than it has appeared in other guises and under other sponsorship as "government spending" and an "unbalanced budget" is due to his adroitness at assuming a high level of national income to be taxed (140 billion dollars at 1943 prices) and a lower Federal post-war budget than we are likely to have (18 billion dollars).

Beardsley Ruml

Nowhere in "Tomorrow's Business" is adequate attention given to the efforts of private governments or "rule makers," that is business and trade-unions, to capture public government and devote it to their own purposes—the problem of "pressure groups." Supremacy of public government is assumed. The private governments are subordinate and assumed to be generally acquiescent in their inferior positions. Actually the efforts of Mr. Ruml's private governments to dominate public government constitute one of the most crucial social problems of our time. He indicates his awareness of the problem but does not really come to grips with it. This defect should be borne in mind by readers of Mr. Ruml's eminently readable and stimulating book.

Crosses in the Desert

for Pte Eric Barnes, R.A.S.C., d. in action near Mareth 1943

By Edward Fenton

OTHER voices lying here
have no words left to say;
and now, no way
to have or hear this clear
incredibly quiet day.

Wind and the weeks will soon retrieve
these footprints, where I stand—
life in my hand—
and by my breathing, wreathe
the impenetrable sand.

Within my wordless thoughts, I know,
wondering, that I seek
out of this bleak
sharp blazing scene to learn:
whose time to listen, now?

Whose, now, to speak?

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An Interpretation of Gogol

NIKOLAI GOGOL: By Vladimir Nabokov. New York: New Directions Books. 1944. 162 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

NIKOLAI GOGOL, the great Russian realist, is not unknown to the American reading public. Before World War I "The Inspector General" was a favorite comedy on our college campuses, and "The Overcoat," "Taras Bulba," and "Dead Souls" were available in translation. Peter Kropotkin's "Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature," which has remained popular among discerning readers, contains an excellent chapter on Gogol. To be sure, he is not of one mind with Mr. Nabokov about "the pure realism" of this Slav genius who, according to Kropotkin, "was the first to introduce the social element into Russian literature." The poet Pushkin was the first of all Russian realists. Gogol was the first to bring the social trend into fiction.

Mr. Nabokov does not agree with the accepted interpretations of Gogol. He endeavors to prove that Gogol was neither humorist nor realist and that the so-called social aspect of his work is only the invention of sociological critics. It is a formidable task which leads the gifted author of this little volume into strange paths and many extravagances. At this point it is fitting that the reader should have at least a passing acquaintance with the author of "Nikolai Gogol." Mr. Nabokov is a man of high culture and a gifted poet in his own native Russian. He has written several novels and numerous short stories, some of them in English. He is a very good conversationalist and is not lacking in humor.

But for some inexplicable reason Mr. Nabokov informs his readers that he does not like humor: "The clown who appears in a spangled suit never seems as funny to me as the one who comes in wearing an undertaker's striped pants and a dickey." He insists that "had Pushkin lived to read 'The Overcoat' and 'Dead Souls' he would doubtless have realized that Gogol was something more than a purveyor of 'authentic fun.'" He will not agree that Gogol, like Dickens and other distinguished writers, could be funny and serious or tragic. Regionalism is another of Mr. Nabokov's aversions, and Gogol was an Ukrainian, although he wrote in Muscovite Russian.

Having thus created for himself four handicaps, namely, that Gogol was not a realist, that he was not the pioneer of the social element in Russian literature, that he was not a humorist as well as a tragic writer, and that in some of his stories, "Taras Bulba" for example, he suffered from his Ukrainian locale, the author sets out to prove that Gogol was for other reasons a great genius. In order to accomplish his purpose with the material in hand Mr. Nabokov is compelled to resort to a bit of Freudism which he subsequently warns the reader not to take too seriously. Gogol's amazing characterization of the people whom his hero, Chichikov, meets in "Dead Souls" is thus lost in a maze of Freudian vapors and Mr. Nabokov's own lively fancy. In "The Overcoat" the deeply tragic fate of the poor clerk is merely mentioned while the author spends himself on excursions into the supernatural with the ghost of Akaky Akakyevich. It is a valiant effort in which Mr. Nabokov's learning and skill are revealed to advantage, but in the opinion of the present reviewer the whole argument is beside the point.

Gogol was in fact deeply stirred by the poverty of his clerk and the tragedy of the lost coat, and he employed the local superstitution only as an instrument of retribution. It is necessary to bear in mind that Gogol's Ukraine is the very cradle of the Slavic folk tales, and also that Russian folk lore, whether it deals with ghosts or heroes, is always utilitarian. The sun-god in the fairy tale who courts the peasant widow's daughter warms, through a chink in the wall, the bath house for his prospective mother-in-law, and bakes her pancakes for breakfast in the same fashion. Death is perched on the thatched roof of a hut sharpening his scythe and explains to a passing peasant woman that he is preparing to decapitate the village butcher who shortweights his customers. One could go on indefinitely citing similar examples of realism in Russian folk tales. Consequently it is not at all singular that Gogol should have employed one of his own Ukrainian ghost tales or invented one, as Shakespeare used the ghost of Hamlet's father, in order to drive home his point against a callous bureaucrat. But whatever the purpose, Akaky Akakyevich's ghost is not the part of the story that makes "The Overcoat" immortal. Gogol's genius is revealed in the deeply human description of the lives of the characters who people the story.

For all that, this little book is interesting as a new interpretation of Gogol and as an example of what a gifted writer may do with an impossible task.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

BIRDS IN POETRY

Miss Harriet A. Tomson, of Topeka, Kansas, is the compiler of this week's quiz. You are to fill in the blanks in the quotations below with the names of birds. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer and another 2 if you can also identify the poem and its author, a score of 50 is par, 60 is very good, and 70 or higher is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

1. Thou, ... ! in thy green array
   Presiding Spirit here today.
2. Sweet ..... sits on the bush,
   Singing so rarely.
3. The clamorous ....., that all day
   Above tree-tops and towers play.
4. And the ..... plays but a boxwood flute,
   And I love him best of all.
5. From their shadowy cots the white breasts peep
   Of ..... in a silver-feathered sleep.
6. To the .....'s way and the whale's way when the wind's like a whetted knife. . . .
7. The moping ..... does to the moon complain.
8. The ..... chirped as if they still were proud
   Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be.
9. ....., ...,
   Spink, spank, spink.
10. Ere the first ..... his matin rings.
11. As the ..... secretly builds on the watery sod,
    Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God.
12. The ....., though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.
13. While the ..... sings on the orchard bough
    In England—now!
14. The ....., still bravely singing, fly.
15. A single ..... on the tree-top bleak
    From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun.

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Strictly Personal

IT'S FUN TO SEE AGAIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *F. Fraser Bond, author of "Mr. Miller of 'The Times'," "Breaking Into Print," etc., had his career halted in midstream by cataract. In this article he tells of his adventures as a working writer in a "personal dimout." His story has a happy ending—he is now a "seeing" writer once more, and is teaching courses in journalism at New York University.*

WHAT makes it fun to see again after living in the dark for many years? Chiefly the unexpected interest and excitement of simple things which I had almost forgotten: the colors of the furniture in my apartment; the patterns made by the grain of the wood in hard-wood floors; the crinkly laughter lines around the eyes and mouths of friends; the tracery of branches against the sky; the brightness of advertising cards in buses and subways; the incredible hats which women wear and the incredible angles at which they wear them.

It's fun even to recall my difficulties in getting around. In New York, with its precise traffic regulations, I used to employ a zig-zag pattern. With east-bound traffic running on even-numbered streets and west-bound traffic on off-numbered streets, I could always arrange my route so that I crossed a street directly in front of the halted cars. Even if the green light flashed on while I was in midstream, I figured that the drivers would hardly risk the delay and mess involved in deliberately running me down.

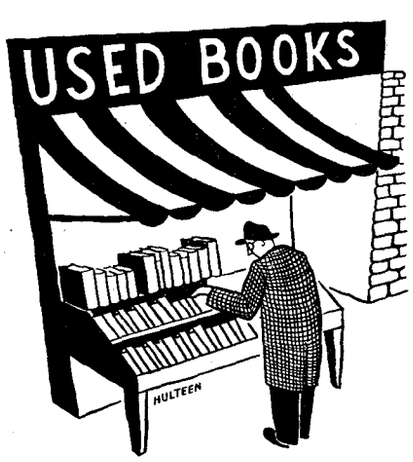
Of course, I often bumped into people. They accepted my apologies good-humoredly and, usually as a sequel to our headlong meeting, helped me across the street. Occasionally I would bump into a good laugh. This would occur sometimes on Forty-Third Street near my club. I would feel the impact on my shoulder and turn round with the immediate "Oh, I beg your pardon," only to touch the soft nose of a traffic policeman's horse.

As a working author, it was tough to have to give up reading to myself. I have always loved books. I like the physical feel of them, to have and to hold. Moreover, words, as printed symbols, had a way of picturing themselves on my mental retina, whereas words as sounds went in one ear and out the other. I kept on reading to myself with strong magnifying glasses as long as I could, and then . . .? Why then, I employed people to read to me.

I used students at first, but not for long. Students, by and large, are not sufficiently practised in reading aloud. Their eyes had a way of skipping ahead of their voices so that their tardily spoken syllables lagged behind their visual interest and made no sense. They might just as well have been reading Chocktaw. In despair, I turned to young actors. This change proved highly successful. New York, except in wartime when the Army corners the supply, has apparently an inexhaustible population of "juveniles" ranging anywhere from eighteen years to say thirty-three, for even then, with a close shave and a little judicious talcum, some still try to qualify as post-adolescents.

These young men delighted in reading aloud. They would read for me "straight," "in character," in Oxford English, in Bronx, or Brooklynese. I had but to command. These actor lads brightened my years of shadow. They were much more fun than students and besides I found them more intelligent and much more charming as individuals. I think they enjoyed their job with me too. They needed to "exercise their tonsils" as one put it, and being actors without work they needed the money. But each and all of them gave me more than they received. I looked forward to the afternoons when they came to me. They brought sunlight into my twilight. They brought gayety and friendliness.

Then too, I had the Talking Book. My heart overflows with gratitude to the Talking Book for the many dark hours which it made lighter for me. This invention, devised by the American Foundation for the Blind, the national agency in New York, with which my friend Helen Keller is so closely associated, consists of long-playing phonographic discs which are books in everything but conventional form. They used to come, these miracle discs, in cartons from the public library, and when I placed them on my reading machine, which looked much like a portable phonograph, they would start at the title page and read themselves aloud to me, each side of each disc running to some fifteen minutes of superb reading. I found I could get anything I wanted written in sound—biographies, textbooks, travel books, novels, and even acted plays. I could also get some of the "best sellers" about which my friends were talking. These books all travelled back and forth from the library postage free. The amazing thing about this service is that it doesn't cost blind people a penny. Most of these Talking Books are underwritten by the Library of Congress using a grant which the Federal Government makes each year for "reading for the adult blind," and as soon as they are recorded in the sound studios of the American Foundation for the Blind and at the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Kentucky, the Library of Congress places them in 27 regional libraries which operate Departments for the Blind. In a short time, I forgot to think of the Talking Book as a mechanical contrivance. I accepted each one as it arrived as an individual book just as if it had come in inkprint, and let it work upon me its own individual magic.



THE thing which I found hardest of all to give up was ambition. It came hard, for at the time cataract began its sight-blurring course, the horizons of my personal panorama had begun to widen. The critics and the public both liked my first books; a great woman's magazine began to buy my short stories; former students of mine from the School of Journalism at Columbia University entering the professional field encouraged me in my teaching methods by achieving individual successes of their own; and women's clubs began to discover me as a lecturer.

Now, engaging in all these things depended on eyesight. To give out, I had constantly to take it. All too, in their very nature, implied nervous strain. I had to make my decision. Should I take Wolsey's advice and "fling away ambition?" I did, and when I did something happened that convinced me I had done the right thing. All tension seemed to snap; all worry seemed to depart. And, just as the old hymn has it, "peace like a

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river" enveloped me. Immediately I became a less interesting but much happier person.

Of course, flinging away ambition is easier said than done. I know now that I never really extinguished the fire, I merely banked it down for the duration of my night. In any case, this banking-down worked.

Naturally, one can't stop dead in one's tracks. A certain amount of "day labor light denied," had to go on. I found that I could still continue with perfect safety certain kinds of work. Unlike most newspaper men who achieve a strange unorthodox typewriter speed by picking and pecking, I had learned the touch system. Here no sight was needed, and consequently no strain on sight imposed. Accordingly I did keep on with some writing. In the early stages of the dimout I completed a book on self-education, "Give Yourself Background," which had and which continues to have an excellent sale. For this book, I had already done much of the preliminary research and planning. A few years later, with the help of my actor-readers, I achieved a textbook on writing, "How to Write and Sell Non-fiction." And then, to practise what I had preached, I embarked on a series of articles. Of course, I should have written a great deal more. Ever so many writers from Homer on have had bad eyesight yet turned out a terrific amount of copy. But much of the time I should have spent at my typewriter I spent in building up my morale against the day when I felt I would need all the morale I could muster.

I STARTED this business of morale building deliberately, and according to some of my friends, rather ruthlessly. They felt that way because in my desire to be self-sufficient I declined as far as possible to accept their generously proffered help. I had even to discourage Hendrik van Loon, who wanted to emboss his little sketches for me so that I could feel them. I knew I had to tackle a personal problem in a personal way. If friends actively began "feeling sorry" for me, and translated this feeling into physical and spiritual coddling, I knew that I would immediately begin to feel sorry for myself, which would be fatal. I wanted to forget, as far as possible, about the whole thing.

This desire naturally and inevitably led me into the realm of escape. I don't know what the psychologists say about escape as a morale builder. They probably will dub it "negative" at best. For my part I found it a positive aid. Like the housewife who wishes to forget her "dish-pan hands" and the dull monotony of the daily round, I turned on the radio at all hours. Radio, of course, is a real boon to people who cannot see. It stands as the one main entertainment medium of the modern world which they can enjoy on the same terms and in the same way as their seeing contemporaries. For years I had taken radio or left it. Now I became a catch-as-catch-can listener, dialing the Metropolitan opera one day, and a soap opera the next. But whether the radio brought me its triumphs or its trash, it certainly brought me escape.

Each day, I spent hours in what I called my "constructive dream world." Here is where the psychologists will again get after me, but I don't care. From the beginning I knew what they would say and tried to forestall them. No, I didn't venture into the intoxication of "What I would do if I had a million dollars." Nor did I—although as a writer I had some justification—concoct a series of fiction plots. I seemed to feel that that way danger lay. No, my "constructive dream world" became largely architectural. I would build a house, a theatre, a village. I started first by mentally remodelling houses, theatres, villages that I knew, and then progressed to original construction of considerable magnitude. These exercises did not stop at the blue print stage. They included the engineering, the plumbing, the wiring, the decorating, and, most important of all, the financing of each project. Despite rising costs and growing labor shortages, I managed to out-Kaiser Kaiser. "In the beginning was the Word." I begin to doubt it. My personal experience would lead me to believe that in the beginning was the Dream.

I got my lenses two months after the skill of Doctor Benjamin Rones of Washington, D. C.—to whom I had been sent by the Booth Tarkingtons—had given me back my sight. I put them on, marched out of the optician's shop, and turned north on Fifth Avenue. A flutter of gay color attracted me. I looked up. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were waving there side by side. I could see, actually see, the crosses on the Jack, and the stars and bars on Old Glory. The two flags fluttered there together, their folds intertwining—a bright omen for the future of the bright new world I had now entered.

F. FRASER BOND.

Old Time Radical

AGAINST THE CURRENT. The Life of Karl Heinzen. By Carl Wittke. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1944. 342 *pp. Index and illustrations.* $3.75.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

ONE of the deeper reasons for the *Deutsche Misere* of today is to be found in the failure of the German revolution of 1848. The weakness and immaturity of the old Radicals and Republicans of those days—the thunderous *Achtundvierziger* with their love for romantic Hecker hats, beautiful oratory, and "pure radicalism"—are significantly mirrored in the personality and the life of Karl Heinzen who came over to this country after the end of the unsuccessful revolution in which he had played a very unsuccessful and quixotic role.

Dr. Carl Wittke, an expert in German-American history, has written the first full-length biography of this German immigrant who continued in the New World to carry on a violent crusade for his ideals of extreme republicanism, anti-bureaucratism, atheism, crude materialism, anti-militarism, anti-slavery. With a loving hand, Dr. Wittke draws the portrait of this eternal fighter "full of excessive ambition and frustrated plans . . . as stern as Cato, obstinate as Jackson, bitter and uncompromising as Benton" (to quote the characterization of a contemporary fellow-newspaperman). The chapters on Heinzen's activities during the revolution of 1848 and the passages on his feud with Marx and Engels and other leaders of the German Left are rather sketchy and unsatisfactory; so is the part giving Heinzen's position during the Civil War. But the other chapters offer a wealth of valuable information about Heinzen and that whole group of German immigrants of the middle nineteenth century whose ideas and activities influenced broad spheres of American life in their time.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 85

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 85 will be found in the next issue.

VHCCADQL, CIXL NFC VAHDL

BIGD RI VDNLRL MFBNAADC.

—CNKHC VDQXMLLIF.—

LBIRRHLW JQIKDQOL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 84

LOSS OF A BELOVED CONNECTION AWAKENS INTEREST IN HEAVEN BEFORE UNFELT.

—BOVEE.

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THE SYMBOLS OF AMERICA

WHEN Huey Long was in the Senate, a reporter asked him, "Will America go fascist?" He is said to have answered, "Yes, but it will be called anti-fascism." He was not then at the height of his ambition, for that was nothing less than the Presidency of the United States. But he was the leader of what appeared to be a populist movement of hill-billies, poor whites, and, in general, the economically down-trodden of a large section of the South—with economic backing from the opposite direction. This was of course the approved fascist manner, as well as the grand manner, and it enabled him to dominate an increasingly large section of the country. In addition to maintaining a rule of personal law, he had the genius to invent slogans and symbols that appealed to the "underprivileged" American, which at that time was increasingly synonymous with the average American.

This is ancient history, but it is well to remember this demagogue and to recall his cynical, raucous voice shouting from his palace capitol, or, more inappropriately, from the floor of the Senate. All this is highly pertinent to recall today because we are approaching a time when democracy abroad may have to fight for its life in the midst of revolutions and civil wars, and it would be blindness to assume that we can escape untouched from a universal cataclysm.

At a public meeting of the Writers' War Board three weeks ago, Rex Stout, its president, said, "We are at the beginning, perhaps a little beyond the beginning, of the first fight between the authoritarian and democratic man for the control of this globe." The dictator's basic strategy has always been to exploit men's surface differences and prejudices. The foreigners migrating from the next valley, or from another continent, and the religious and economic differences within—these are the tools of the tyrant of ancient time and the fascist of today. Mr. Stout believes that a myth threatens America, the myth that we are a white, Protestant race, though we have over thirteen million Negroes, and fifty-five and seven-tenths of our population are not Protestant.

Margaret Mead, a humanitarian and an anthropologist, did not agree with Mr. Stout that from man's earliest time the authoritarian and the democrat have been in conflict. The vital point, she said, is our habit to insist on the differences between man and man. She added eloquently, "the artist and the writer have got to stop following and begin to lead, for without new symbols, the people perish."

But if the moment in which we now live is so perilous, if this is really the grand entrance of world revolution and not the end of the Second World War that is to end all wars, we must rack our minds and question our hearts. What new symbols beside the symbol of the cross and of democracy? How can we abolish those racial and religious differences which are so obvious and so omnipresent and the realization of which are so dangerous? Miss Mead says that after three hundred years of racial intermarriage they may disappear and that we will have an American "type." That is a long time to wait for the disposition of an immediate danger. Are we to stop thinking and writing of differences and call everyone an unhyphenated American—blacks, browns, yellows, Jews, Catholics, Mormons, Protestants?

Is self-imposed censorship the answer? Would that solve the problem of the sharecropper, the tenant farmer, the hungry workman? Would it solve riots and lynchings in our own country? Or should we attempt to show that these differences are on the surface only, and that the underprivileged are really not having a tough time of it at all. We can talk out of the sides of our mouths and describe them as fellows, all Americans, and good Rotarians at heart. Add that we always were a pretty undisciplined country, so that it doesn't really matter.

The tragedy, of course, is that, after a period of literary discernment and discretion, many writers are again reverting to outmoded stereotypes. For example, Roy Octavus Cohen's stories are again appearing in a national weekly, with those funny darkeys of his who are so hilariously trying to ape our civilization in their black slums. Novelists and cartoonists are attempting to prove that there is a lusty, inextinguishable, and bawdy good nature in the poorest white or back swamp and arid farm dweller, with their toothless grandpappy drooling over cornpone and grease and the children pot-bellied from malnutrition. Some of these books are written so ingeniously that the reader might think that the hookworm is a charming companion and moonshine a fine substitute for milk.

Let us have no more of censorship which hides but does not cure. Let us have no more of ridicule that transforms people's misfortunes into comedy. Let us drag our differences out into the light, analyze them, and try to make them less menacing. The spectacle of a country with one hundred thirty million and more people in it who had no vital differences would be too appalling to contemplate, too dull to live in. Let us make a virtue of our blessed differences, so long as they are not due to false economics or misgovernment. Let us delight in the magnificence of varied humanity. The symbols will take care of themselves.

H. S.

The Cry

By Starr Nelson

WHAT cry awoke the young somnambulist
He knew, but momently forgetting, stood
Breathless with running, in the black depths of a wood.
He heard the midnight ticking on his wrist,
And the loud whispering of leaves and feathers.
Something he knew was being told him here
In a forgotten language. By the electric fur
He saw what shapes drew near—his animal brothers.

When on the alembic rim of the forest stood
Bronze boy and tawny pard, and saw the sun
Blazon to history a glass-green plain
Where the limbs of men stirred in the wind of pain—
What cry awoke him, to what brotherhood,
He knew, who plunged into that burning blood.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Where That Phrase Started

SIR: Common expressions in everyday twentieth-century use often have their origins in centuries long past. Their historical wanderings can be a little disconcerting at times to the younger generation with its belief in the era of so-called modern slang.

An Athenian general in pre-Christian times may have originated the oldest slang expression in present-day use. It was Miltiades, speaking at the war council on the eve of the history-making battle of Marathon in 490 B. C., who urged the Athenians to march against the Persian hosts ". . . before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens."

Shakespeare revised it in "Hamlet" with the pertinent suggestion that "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." And thus paraphrased we know it today, twenty-four centuries after Miltiades voiced the original version.

You can credit Shakespeare with many similar morsels of a slangy nature, among them being "wild goose chase" and the expressive word "sponge," to signify a parasite of the human genus. It was Shakespeare also who tossed off the phrase "My salad days, When I was green in judgment."

A writer of medieval times used the still familiar expression "Through thick and thin" in the year 1359, while the sage admonition that "Three's a crowd!" can be traced back to 1430 at least.

Sixteenth-century literature was a prolific source of so-called modern slang. Thomas More made use of "Mad as a March hare" in 1535. The proverbial "Needle in a haystack" had its origin in 1565, while the year 1508 contributed "Like a drowned rat" to the catalogue of similes.

The year 1690 may have been significant from the historical viewpoint, but it was also the year that marked the birth of that lurid and overworked word "Lousy!"

It was back in 1830 that a writer named Moncrieff urged his friends to "Tell that to the marines!" when they began embellishing their stories with half truths. But at that Moncrieff was nearly two hundred years behind the times in popularizing the pet phrase of the Leathernecks. Charles I originated it in the days of Cromwell and the seventeenth-century Civil War that cost him his Stuart head.

JASPER B. SINCLAIR,
San Francisco, Calif.

"Augur" on *SRL*

SIR: *The Saturday Review* is my link with the world of American literature. In war-time it is my only link. I see it regularly, thanks to Dr. Heindel's American Library at the U. S. A. Embassy in London, a stronghold of American culture. When this war is over, the Library is a thing to preserve.

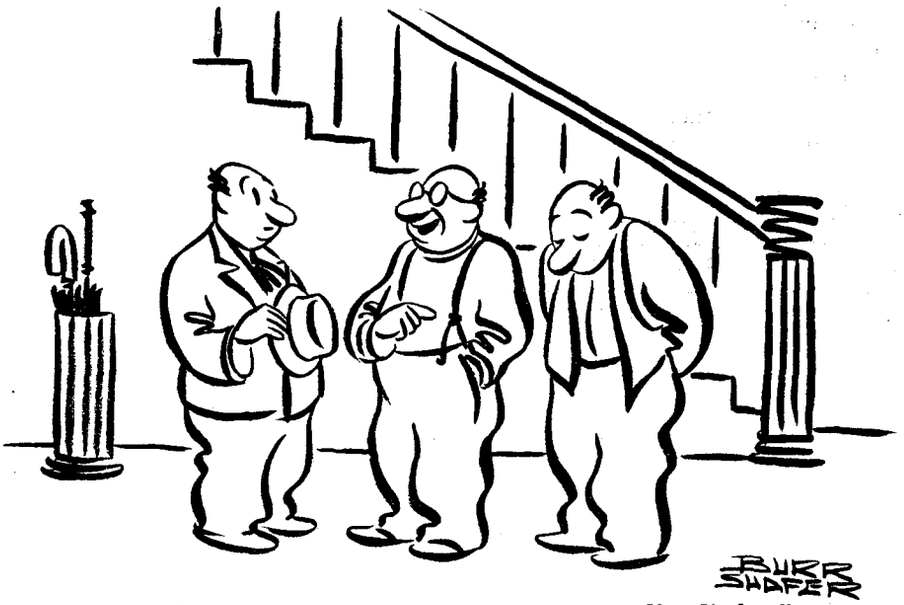
I have enjoyed reading your Anniversary Issue of last summer. Apart from recording achievement, it brings valuable information. The Introduction, in particular, is a remarkable statement, which I want to keep in mind. The circulation figure you give is really good. For a publication of your quality that is equal to one million readers of a newspaper. The only thing which I dislike in the Issue is the word "maturation," seen somewhere. Surely your language has an American word for that monster: ripening? Now, as a student from afar of the American world, I permit myself a few remarks. I think: Your view on the integration of literature into a national life is absolutely sound. Authors individually may and do resist the general national trend. Yet, in the mass, a nation's literature reveals the influence of the mighty spiritual currents which flow often unnoticed under the disturbed surface of daily happenings.

I sense two powerful factors behind the scenes of American life now. One is the result of this war. The other has its source in circumstances of a more permanent nature. Here they are. Americans have been surprised at how well they can fight. In spite of wealth, sophistication and other impacts, the old fighting spirit is there still, if not more so. I suspect: Many Americans, who should have known better, have doubted the existence of that spirit. Now a surprising discovery is made. That, together with the fact that this time no one can dispute the predominant share of the Americans in winning the war in Europe, shall influence cultural developments in your country for a generation at least.

The other factor, in my view, is equally important. In your country a combination exists of wealth, leisure, and freedom of speech, creating a unique opportunity for the transfer to it from Russia of what I describe as the focus of revolutionary thought, that is of thought seeking to break out through the defense lines of material interest. That may be in the domain of religion, or in the one of politics, or in both. That focal point moves about the world. Ages past it was in Palestine, for example. To speak of times nearer to our own, we have seen it in Paris, and lately in Moscow. But the Russian volcano is extinct. It is in the United States that circumstances are favorable from that point of view. In American literature I find precursory signs of such a development.

V. POLIAKOFF.
London, England.

P.S.: You may know me as Augur, for a number of years Special Correspondent to *The New York Times* in London. Now my sphere of action is in the great provincial press of Great Britain, a field, I have the idea, quite unknown to you people and yet of great importance.



"Mr. Flugle here is that *rara avis*, a native-born New Yorker."

Ohio Valley Marginalia

SIR: Re your Howells in the Ohio Valley, to anyone interested in the novelist's development, his campaign life of Lincoln is worth a glance. Published in 1860 by Fallett, Foster & Co. of Columbus and by W. A. Townsend & Co. in New York, it contains some amusing phrases. Every American, Howells remarks, should have an "indisputable grandfather"—a remark remindful of Mark Twain's reply to the Parisian who said: "The United States, oh yes, where none of you know who your grandfather was" and Twain in reply referred to Paris: "Where none of you know who your father was." Howells says most Americans do have a grandfather, but that as to great-grandparents there is often an "ex-

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tremely embarrassing uncertainty." Of Lincoln's grandfather Howells says in parenthesis ("anterior to whom there is incertitude"); the whole biography is worth study by the student of a great novelist's beginnings.

It is of some interest that Howells says Lincoln's mother was "Lucy," not "Nancy," Hanks. Other small errors are suggestive reminders of the fact that at the time of his nomination (accomplished by methods amusingly suggestive of those which brought about the nomination of Mr. Truman) Lincoln was little known in the East—and known hardly at all in the South. Eastern Republicans were generally horrified by his nomination—and particularly in Massachusetts.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

"Down with Poets!"

SIR: You do well to shout "Down with Poets!" If poets had their way, they would lord it over all creation. Is not the Creator of all things a poet, the universe itself a poem? the day rhymes with the night, an unchanging couplet; the seasons chant their eternal quatrain. Then there is all the starry imagery of the heavens, written by a Master Hand. All living creation about us stirs to a divine rhythm—is man to be engulfed in that music? Hitler says No, and across the great epic constructions of the centuries he writes his defiant name, like a maniac smearing a great painting with a tarry brush.

What has gotten into our government that it has invited a poet to take an official seat? Don't they know that it is a dangerous procedure to open the door a least crack? One swallow does not make a summer, but one swallow presages the coming of multitudes of singers. And our one decried poet—can you not see that before long there will be many poets flocking to Washington, while the shades of those who created the poem of America look approvingly down on the unrocking dome of the capitol?

M. S.

Tallahassee, Florida.

Anent a Revival

SIR: I have not yet heard it on the air, but in the press there would seem to be a regrettable revival of that quite needless affectation, *anent*. When our hapless century was in its teens, the editor of the New York *Nation* was so sharply rebuked for using it that the word went underground. If it is coming out again, I hope you can spare the space for the following quotation from Fowler's "Modern English Usage" (Oxford, 1926, p. 24):

"*Anent*, apart from its use in Scotch law-courts, where it is in place, is chiefly met with in letters to the press; that is, it is a favorite with unpractised writers who, on their holiday excursions into print, like to show that they possess gala attire."

The use of *anent* by "Lang Willie of Glenlivett" in his letter on "MacLeish the Poet" (*SRL*, Jan. 13), though not legal, was evidently meant to be Scotch.

R. D. MILLER.

Baltimore, Md.

"Quiet, Please!"

SIR: That was a fine display of irony and satire in your editorial "Quiet, Please!" (*SRL*, December 30, 1944) on the attempt of movie owners to shield their patrons from war films. But don't you think that a large number of people who shun war films do so not because they are oblivious to the war, but because they have sons or relatives in the service and they have no need to be told about the horrors of war? They are so much closer to the real thing that they can be excused if they avoid frothy imitations.

MRS. HARTFORD.

Cleveland, Ohio.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Hartford is, of course, right. I apologize if my editorial was interpreted as a criticism of the point of view she states.—N. C.*

SIR: I am writing a biographical study of Theodore Dreiser as social critic, and I should very much appreciate hearing from any one who possesses letters from Mr. Dreiser on such subjects as social reform, individuality, or free will, or who recalls hearing Mr. Dreiser discuss these subjects. Information concerning the years before "An American Tragedy" will be especially welcome. Please address me c/o English Department, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia 4, Pa. I promise the most careful treatment of whatever I receive, and I guarantee its prompt return to whoever sends it.

ROBERT H. ELIAS.

University of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Telling It to America

SIR: Recently you reprinted on your letters page an editorial appearing in the Army newspaper, *The Fort Hamilton Post*. From the same newspaper I enclose the following editorial, certainly deserving attention in a national periodical.—A. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FROM BATAAN TO BASTOGNE—AND BEYOND

Let's have the truth.

Let's have it right between the eyes—the way our guys up front have been getting it from Bataan to Bastogne.

Let's quit the kidding and let's quit it now.

This is no bargain-counter, no part-time war. The Nazis are no pushover and neither are the Japs.

That's what our guys have been finding out—from Bataan to Bastogne.

Let's stop the perpetual newspaper nonsense about the "low morale of Nazi troops"—"the slashing drives of American forces"—"the war will be over tomorrow, next week, next year."

This is not to detract from the glory of our guys at Bastogne or Bataan.

This is to back them up in the only way that counts.

This is to think for a moment of Britain and China and Russia—to remember Dunkirk and Shanghai and Stalingrad.

Can we take it any less than they can?

Are the only Americans who are going to take it in this war to be the ones who take it at Bastogne or Bataan?

What about the rest of our 140,000,000 people? They have been spared V-bombs, Nazi torturers, Jap rapists—and no American in uniform would have it any other way.

Yet he would have a lot of other things a lot of other ways.

He would have unnecessary home front frills cut down.

He would have Americans back home working where it counts. But most important of all he would have them know there's a war going on and the kind of war it is.

It's a war against an enemy who hasn't given up and shows no signs of doing so.

It's a war against an enemy who still has tremendous resources that we consistently underestimate.

It's a war against an enemy who will try to fight us again, even after we beat him this time.

Let's have this truth and let's have it now.

Let's realize we can't live on the headlines—feeling the war will end any minute and wondering when that minute will be.

First let's take a deep breath and then let's take a long look at the enemy that menaces our peace.

Let's realize that defeating him for good is a job that may take a generation or more. Let's sign up for that job. Then the year—or two—or five—that beating our enemy on the battlefield may require won't seem so God-awful, screamingly long.

Let's look forward to the break that will come when the war is over. But let's remember that our larger struggle won't be over then. It may go on for a long time—and we've got to stick with it.

Does that sound like a big job? It is. But it's the only real thing we can do to take it with our guys up front who have been taking it from Bataan to Bastogne—and who will continue to take it—to Berlin and Tokyo.

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THE WAR BEHIND THE WAR

(*Continued from page* 11)

specific information. To pick out and discuss each point at variance with the facts would fill too many of these pages. Just to list a few:

On page 111 he speaks of Lu Cheng-chao, the Kuomintang officer who was "detained" by the Communists and sent to Yenan (Communists' capital) for "training." I talked with Lu Cheng-chao only a few months ago. He is the commander of many thousands of Communist regulars in the Shansi-Suiyuan Anti-Japanese Base, and is one of the most trusted of the high-ranking Communist generals. He's never been to Yenan.

To prove something or other, Dr. Lin cites on pages 119-120 a meeting in March, 1940 at which the Communist leaders resolved: "The troops of the Eighteenth Army Corps are not to wear caps bearing the Kuomintang emblem of a white sun against a blue sky, in order to improve their morale." Well, your reviewer spent several months last summer covering the campaigns of the Communist armies against the Japanese. Every single one of those thousands of Communist troopers I saw wore the emblem of the white sun against a blue sky on his cap—an emblem, incidentally, which is not the private insignia of the Kuomintang but of the National Government of China.

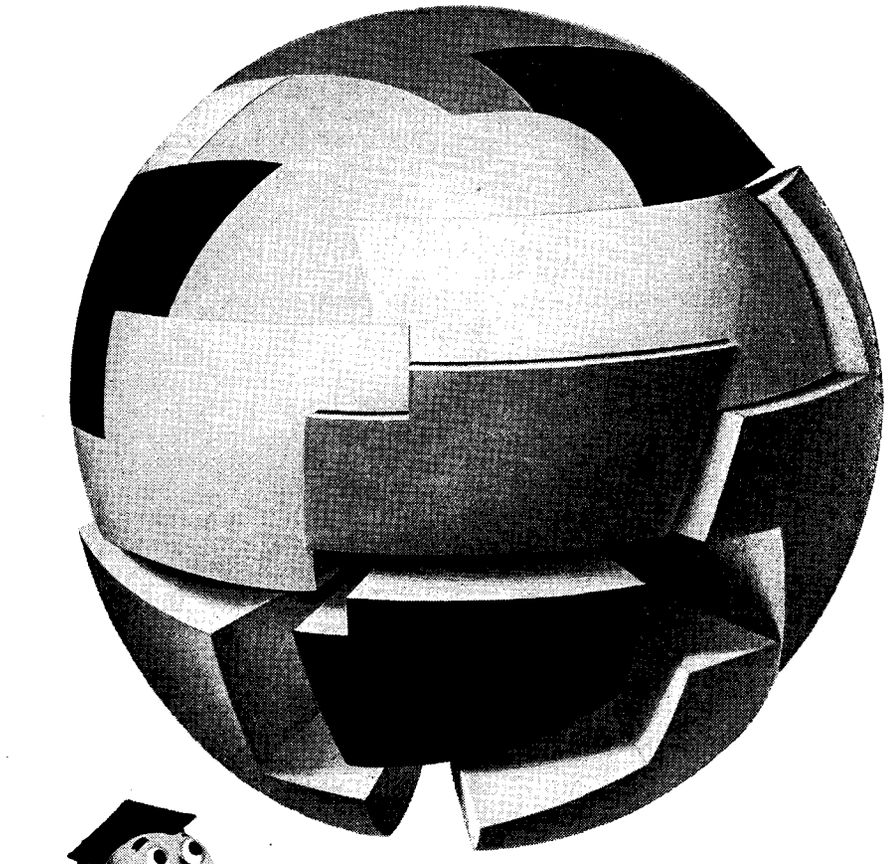
On page 240 he takes even your reviewer to task for a dispatch I sent from Yenan to the *New York Herald Tribune* about the scope of the Communists' influence in China. I had made a grave mistake; it seems the Central Government forces—not those of the Communists—are operating in the areas listed.

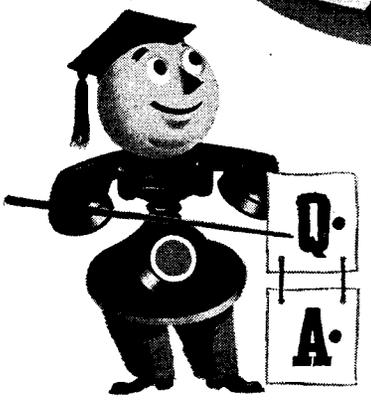
Well, I've just returned from a five months' stay with the Chinese Communists—as a non-partisan, fact-seeking newspaperman—and I'll be glad to tell Dr. Lin Yutang about it. I would like, also, to show him my record of about a thousand pictures which I took up there. There is a good old Chinese saying that "One Picture Is Worth Ten Thousand Words."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 566)

LIN YUTANG:
THE VIGIL OF A NATION

As the night wears on the candles burn low . . . Some . . . lazy and fainthearted, have fallen into sleep. But for those who are awake, the sky is excitingly beautiful and the air is tense with the excitement of the coming of the new day.





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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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THE COMING SHOWDOWN IN THE SCHOOLS

(*Continued from page 9*)

with which Mr. Hutchins dismisses such a basic educational objective with Sir Richard Livingstone's genuinely classical emphasis in "On Education" on the "cross fertilization of theory and experience," with his stress on the fact that character education as well as education for citizenship can only be fruitful if we focus on the "complete human being." Far from Mr. Hutchins's "sheer cultivation of intellectual virtues," Sir Richard even advocates a residential system of adult education, for "human beings have bodies, minds, and characters. Each of them is capable of what the Greeks called 'virtue,' or we might call excellence." It seems to be a peculiar modern heresy to identify classical education with exclusive cultivation of intellectual virtues. The choice and order of Plato's statements about education may be pondered in which the "body" almost always precedes the "soul," and in which the heaviest possible stress is placed on rhythm, the "harmonies," and especially musical training. The verb "perform" is the key word in the *locus classicus* from Milton: "I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to *perform* justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

Teaching young people how to manipulate symbols without relating the symbols of reality will be social suicide. The "hundred books" folks will shout "anti-intellectualism à la William James." But we shall do well to remember that William James's phrase against intellectualism was directed against a philosophically illegitimate use of ideas to narrow rather than to widen the area of significant experience. They will nostalgically advise us to deal with permanent and not with shifting conditions, "with ultimate and not relative ends." But they will not be able to tell us how we can tell the permanent from the shifting, or why it is not important to study the reasons for the decline of the glory that was Greece. And when we challenge them to produce a list of "ultimate ends," we shall hear a faint echo of sectarian narcissism, or we shall be told with pontifical solemnity that the ultimates are the good, the true, and the beautiful. If—as we struggle with the stubborn realities of current experience—the Platonic thunder about absolute reason, uncontaminated by time, culture, or circumstances, becomes tiresome, we can remember Cardinal Newman's dictum that "there are bodily exercises which are liberal, and mental exercises which are not so," or Blake's phrase that "desires without deeds breed no more than pestilence."

A healthy and deeply rooted American tradition ranging from Jefferson to James, and from Franklin to Dewey has taught us to meet problems without nostalgic idealization of the past. The present trend toward recasting American college programs in terms of the needs of our students and of the society from which they come and in which they will live is a healthy green shoot. We have typically rejected a "cultivation of intellectual virtues" that did not remain close to experience, and we have characteristically stressed the use of intelligence in the marriage of theory and practice. To know *in general* is as easy as Aristotle indicated; but to know the *when,* the *wherefore,* the *whereunto,* and the *how much*—this, as Aristotle concluded, is the final test of a wise man. An education which does not recognize this, and specifically provide for it, makes not wise men but educated fools.

Like all human institutions, colleges and universities develop an inertia rooted in the recognition of tenure, seniority, and other typical evidences of the play of laissez-faire on developing vested interests, and away from aggressive concern with their true function and with professional growth. "The task of its right-minded guardians is therefore"—as William S. Learned has said in his Carnegie report— "to seize every opportunity to true it up, to make such compromises as may be necessary, with as little harm as possible, and to glorify it as a living, coöperative effort. Our health as a nation depends in no small extent on the institution of higher education taking this course."

Freedom is not inherited. It is not a matter of reading a list of books, or a matter of being "well informed." It is rather a continuous challenge to preserve and restore the moral cohesion which is eroded by the speed of social change, and which can be restored only by continuous moral and intellectual reconstruction. Such reconstruction does not imply a slur on the past. American education has never "refused to transmit" the heritage of the past. But it is a living and not a dead heritage. The authors of the "classics," like the Founding Fathers in our political life, did a memorable service only because they made sharp, even revolutionary, departures from the established patterns of their time, if the facts and circumstances seemed to demand such ventures. Nothing is more clearly subversive of the true importance of the classics than idealization of their definitive significance. "It is for this reason," as A. N. Whitehead has warned us in his "Adventures of Ideas," "that the definition of culture as the knowledge of the best that has been said and done, is so dangerous by reason of its omission. It omits the great fact that in their day the great achievements of the past were the adventures of the past. Only the adventurous can understand the adventures of the past . . . a race preserves its vigor so long as it harbors a real contrast between what has been and what may be; and so long as it is nerved by the vigor to adventure beyond the safeties of the past. Without adventure civilization is in full decay."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
I'LL HATE MYSELF IN THE MORNING AND SUMMER IN DECEMBER *Elliot Paul* (Random House: $2.)	Doubled-barrelled offering, one with Homer Evans and fair asst. solving murders on trans-continental train; t'other a South American chiller.	Opening yarn in genially cuckoo—and shrewdly plotted—style of earlier Paul palpitaters. Latter a shuddery exercise in spy chasing.	Worth your while
ASSIGNMENT WITHOUT GLORY *Marcus Spinelli* (Lippincott: $2.)	U. S. intelligence agent Peter Costa, working in Brazil, smashes Nazi plot to disseminate dangerous information via radio.	Group of colorful figures, both male and female, and veracious background give spy yarn more than usual interest.	Good—in its class
CRY WOLF *Marjorie Carleton* (Morrow: $2.)	Girl marries personable young gent so he can lay hands on fortune. He skips, news comes of his death, and things happen.	More in suspense than mystery class, although there are murder and hair-raising attempts. Lots of action and swift-action.	Agreeable

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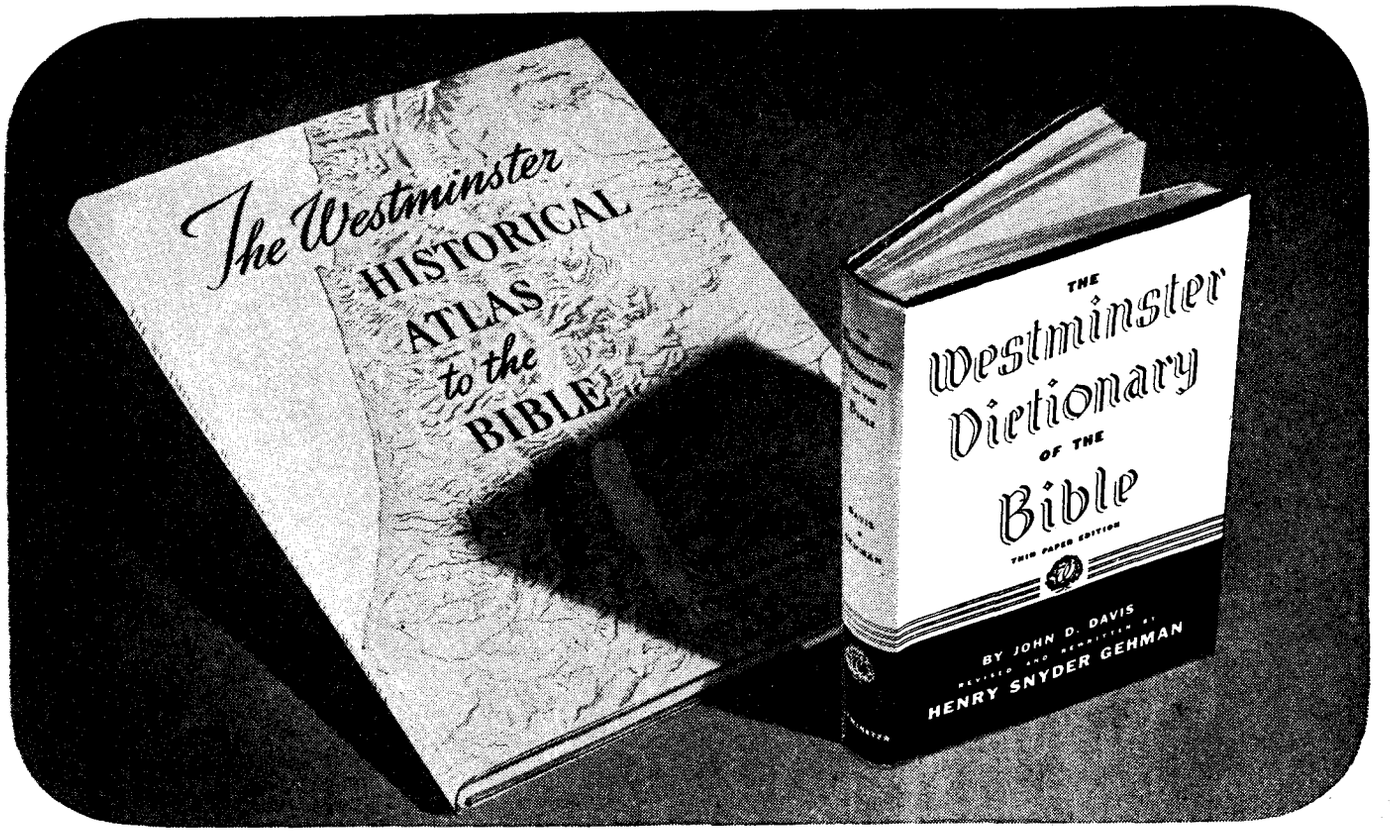

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TRADE Winds

MR. ROSS AND MR. REYNOLDS

HAROLD ROSS, who founded *The New Yorker* and has guided its destinies for twenty years, is without question the most brilliant magazine editor of our time. He is also the most crotchety and wilful. *The New Yorker* is a faithful reflection of his baffling personality. Because he is receptive to untried talent and can recognize a future great from a single sketch or paragraph, *The New Yorker* has introduced more top-flight stars in its twenty years than any other three magazines in existence. Because he is a stickler for detail, its prose is more meticulous and clear. Because he loathes vulgarity (in print), it is more fastidious.

The other side of the picture comes into sharper focus as the querulous Ross, beset by unidentifiable personal devils, gives ever freer play to his private frustrations and conflicts. Ross hasn't been to five motion-picture shows in the past ten years. He sees nothing amiss, therefore, in assigning *The New Yorker's* film department to disdainful and sharp-tongued young men who hate everything about Hollywood to begin with, and butcher picture after picture that the average *New Yorker* reader would enjoy thoroughly. Ross has time to read few current books. Accordingly, when publishers complain to him that Edmund Wilson, excellent literary critic in his own field, is shockingly miscast in the role of book reviewer for *The New Yorker*, Ross merely cackles gleefully, scratches his head, waves his arms in the air, and repeats his now familiar diatribes about publishers, producers, and business men in general.

What bothers me most about the Harold Ross of 1945 is the indiscriminate manner in which he seems willing to wound and tear down people in the public eye—particularly his own friends. Nobody enjoys more than I do a "Profile" or "Talk of the Town" item that ridicules a phony, or a hypocrite, or a fifth-rate sham who has been glorified by slick publicity tactics. There are so many such characters on-stage at the moment that it is particularly difficult to understand the quirk that prompts Ross to aim his shafts at people who are doing a thoroughly decent job and hurting nobody. An article on Quentin Reynolds in the January 6 *New Yorker* is an example of what I mean.

This article was headed "Quent," and said in part:

> For some years now we have watched with profound misgivings the transformation of foreign correspondents into mahatmas. . . . Last week our feelings were brought to a head when we received a telegram summoning us to a press conference to be held by Quentin Reynolds at his apartment in River House. Though the idea of a reporter asking other reporters to ask him questions upset us considerably, we trudged across town to River House. Mr. Reynolds' apartment has black-and-white rubber floors, crystal chandeliers, and a baroque couch about a hundred and twenty feet long, and is not exactly what we had pictured as the hangout of a hard-bitten, two-fisted old newspaperman like Reynolds, but it looked a fine place to throw one's hat after a battle. The conference was already under way when we arrived, Reynolds sitting like a plump, pink-cheeked Buddha somewhere near the center of the couch and a dozen or so reporters perched, wild-eyed and apprehensive, in wing chairs, Chippendale side chairs, and other rare old pieces up and down the room. . . . We waited to take down whatever inside stuff the great man might reveal.
>
> It turned out that none of the reporters had much of anything to ask him, so a couple of ringers from the public-relations office kept the ball rolling. "Tell them about Maurice Evans in Hawaii, Quent," one of them said. Quent—we got the impression that you called him Quent, or else—said, "He's doing a bloody good job in Hawaii, Maurice is." "Tell them about the Red Cross girls on Saipan, Quent." "They're doing a bloody good job on Saipan, those Red Cross girls are." Little by little we learned that Reynolds had just returned from a seven weeks' tour of the South Pacific and that he had written nine articles for *Collier's* about the trip. "I found some bloody good stories out there," he said. . . .
>
> After an awkward silence, during which we all admired the view of the East River and some signed photographs of President Roosevelt, General Eisenhower, and Mrs. Reynolds, Reynolds said wistfully, "Anybody like to see my dog, the toughest dog in New York?" . . . We took an oblique tack and rang for the elevator. We were just stepping into it when he returned from the kitchen with his dog—a curly-haired, intelligent-looking Peke.

Nobody can accuse Harold Ross of reserving his punches for defenseless weaklings. Quent Reynolds has more friends than almost anybody in town, and a fair percentage of them are extremely handy with their fists. The day after *The New Yorker* appeared, a group of them at Toots Shor's chop house were all for drawing lots to see who should have the pleasure of avenging the slur on a respected pal. At last reports a great deal of dark muttering was still going on in those parts.

I myself wrote Ross the following letter:

> Your piece about Quentin Reynolds in the January 6, 1945 issue of *The New Yorker* is cheap, inaccurate, and malicious.
>
> In the first place, Quentin Reynolds did not summon other reporters to ask him questions. The summons came from the publicity agents of a big company that had just signed up Reynolds to a radio contract. It is a regular custom for sponsors of big-time radio programs to insist upon mass interviews of this sort whenever they inaugurate a new program and whether or not the principal involved considers the process inane or unnecessary, he certainly is not in a position to refuse to go through with it. The entire practice is so common that you, as the editor of so knowing a sheet as *The New Yorker*, must have understood it thoroughly. If your reporter who, by his own admission, arrived late, had taken the trouble to look at the telegram, he would have seen that it was signed by a publicity counsel.
>
> In the second place, Reynolds is quoted several times as using the word "bloody." Reynolds did not use this word once during the entire interview nor, in fact, have I ever heard him use it once in all the time that I have known him. . . .
>
> In the third place, Reynolds, of course, had nothing to do with the decoration of his apartment. I happen to think it is a very beautiful apartment, but that is neither here nor there. Mrs. Reynolds did most of it while Reynolds was living through the blitz in London. The dog that your reporter goes to such length to describe also belongs to Mrs. Reynolds. To use props of this sort to make a man look ridiculous is my idea of the lowest sort of journalism. A reporter bent on this kind of thing could do a similar job on almost any married man of moderate or better circumstances in the city of New York including, but very definitely, yourself.
>
> If the smart alecky reporter who did the Reynolds piece had examined Quent's own room as carefully as he did the drawing room instead of taking "an oblique tack and ringing for the elevator," he would have found two framed letters on Rey-

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"I forget the name, but he has some sort of United Nations uniform."

nolds's desk, one from Winston Churchill and the other from Franklin D. Roosevelt, that might have led him to change his tune a bit. I was going to quote these letters to you in full, but what the hell. I think most of your readers will know, in spite of your piece, that Reynolds has done an outstanding job as a correspondent in this war, that his thinking has been straight and honest, and that he has never consciously done a dirty trick to anybody in his life. The purpose of your nasty side-swipe at him eludes me; the "anything for a story" policy is one that I cannot subscribe to.

I am writing this letter not only as Quentin Reynolds's publisher, but as one of his sincere friends. I think that, in fairness to him, you ought to print what I have had to say. If you don't, I will.

Ross's reply, unusually prompt and thoroughly characteristic, was about as expected:

> Oh, nuts. As I once told you pleasantly and, I hoped, helpfully, you are, in my judgment, the second most inaccurate reporter I know of. You are as wild as usual in discussing the facts of the Reynolds interview. For instance, he used the word "bloody" repeatedly, he called the dog "my dog" ("the toughest dog in town"), and our writer did not say that he had himself summoned the press conference.
>
> We like to print letters about pieces we have published, but we must regard yours as too inaccurate to print, and your attempt at ratiocination as too fuzzy in its results.

At this juncture in the proceedings, I took a copy of my letter and Ross's answer to Reynolds himself, and left them with him to mull over. The next day Reynolds wrote me as follows:

> It seems as though everyone in town (except myself) is highly indignant over the little fabrication one of Harold Ross's hired hands wrote in a rather successful effort to make me look silly. Of course the article was quite inaccurate and I regret to say that Harold in his charming letter to you lied when he insisted that I used the word "bloody" repeatedly. I have never been addicted to the use of "bloody" as an adverb. There were some thirteen radio writers present at our session and those I have phoned are equally puzzled as to why *The New Yorker* reporter put that word into my mouth.
>
> Unfortunately the boy assigned by *The New Yorker* arrived (he admits it) quite late when our discussion was about ended and therefore he missed the point of the interview. He commented on the strange phenomenon that the reporters present all called me "Quent," a phenomenon not quite so strange when one considers that I have spent all my adult life as a reporter in this town and that I knew and had at one time or another worked with practically every man and woman present.
>
> The article did disclose one damning fact in my secret life. My wife and I do own a Pekinese and although we have two large dogs in addition I reluctantly admit that I am completely nuts about the Peke.
>
> The boy who represented *The New Yorker* gleefully described my apartment giving special attention to the "120 foot couch, the Chippendale side chairs and the other rare old pieces." The couch which is exactly nine feet long (actual measurement) was constructed by a party named Schwartz who has a small shop on Third Avenue. I plead guilty to the indictment of owning a few Chippendale (reproductions) chairs but I have been eagerly but vainly searching for the "rare old pieces" the boy mentioned. The oldest thing in my apartment is a photograph of the Manual Training High School (Brooklyn) football team of 1920. Erasmus beat us that year 3 to 0 but we learned later that the referee happened to be the father of the Erasmus captain.
>
> However, I am glad that the boy thought our apartment worth mentioning because we like it pretty well ourselves. His story accused me

"From where I sit"

EXPANDING within a fixed shell, that's what we're doing here, and the result is that our fifth floor looks like the fun house at Coney. Darkness where there once was light, light where there once was darkness, and when you walk down a corridor, you find yourself looking for upper seven. And just about now MacArthur's men are shelling within a fixed expansion, the city of Manila. SHELLEY MYDANS tells about it in THE OPEN CITY, her psychological novel just out.

The team of CARL and SHELLEY MYDANS, which began its tour in China where they were correspondents of *Life* magazine, has covered no mean mileage. Interned together by the Japanese, they returned to America on the *Gripsholm* early in 1943. Since then the war has kept them apart. SHELLEY was in New York while CARL was in France and Italy. Then he went to the Philippines and she tried to follow him; but due to the ban on women correspondents west of Pearl Harbor, she has been marooned on the sands of Waikiki. Three people who have seen her there recently say she looks fine. She usually does.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WHEN ordinary people hear that famous people have two large black coffees for breakfast, or that they have fixed the furnace for forty years at six o'clock in the morning, or that they are an excellent bridge player, it surprises them in the same way that it surprises little children when they find out that policemen are people. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is a competent bridge player and he thinks it is the "most entertaining game that the art of man has devised." In his leisurely introduction to CHARLES H. GOREN'S STANDARD BOOK OF BIDDING, well aware that to the average hunch-following bridge player a book filled with rules and cautions and theories is baffling, MAUGHAM states that the moral for this excellent book is to keep calm, keep cool, put two and two together and get four, and "you will be a useful partner at the bridge table and a formidable opponent." MAUGHAM, who would rather read GOREN than a good many other authors, asserts that after studying this book, "you will certainly play bridge better than you did before."

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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★ RALPH HODGSON ★ VIRGINIA WOOLF ★ FRANK R. STOCKTON ★ DE LA MARE ★ LIAM O'FLAHERTY ★ F. SCOTT FITZGERALD ★ YEATS ★ JOHN BUCHAN ★ LIVY ★ MASEFIELD ★ MAX BEERBOHM ★ ROY HELTON ★ IRWIN SHAPIRO ★ WILLIAM ★ J. M. ★ VIRGIL ★ ORSON WELLES ★ HEYWOOD BROUN ★ WASHINGTON IRVING ★ FRANK O'CONNOR ★ HENRY YELVINGTON ★ ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD ★ ROY HELTON ★ FINLEY PETER DUNNE ★ J. M. SYNGE ★ SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER ★ OSCAR WILDE ★ EDWARD LEAR ★ HENRY JAMES ★ DAVID GARNETT ★ BEDE ★ RALPH BATES ★ BIERCE ★ MACHEN ★ ERNEST RHYS ★ G. K. CHESTERTON ★ PLINY ★ GIBSON ★ D. H. LAWRENCE ★ GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD ★ OVID ★ JOHN COLLIER ★ HERODOTUS ★ E. M. FORSTER ★ THURB ★ LES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD ★ ROBERT FROST ★ WNSEND WARNER ★ JOHN BUNYAN ★ MARK TWAIN ★ LUCIAN ★ T. S. ELIOT ★ CAESAR ★ BEMELMANS ★ STEINBECK ★ W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM ★ ORSON

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N. Y. WORLD TELEGRAM: "Practically tops in anthologies . . . an admirable collection. Edited with taste, discrimination, and an evident delight in good stories."

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW: "Continuously good —a thing which can almost never be said about its many rivals in the field. Indeed a distinguished book, far above the run."

N. Y. SUN: "I would even hesitate to exchange it for a whole carton of cigarettes . . . meets the eye with unusual freshness. The percentage of hackneyed selections must be the lowest on record."

N. Y. TIMES: "A pleasanter time reading in the line of duty I haven't had in a long time. Marjorie Fischer and Rolfe Humphries are connoisseurs of fantasy."

SATURDAY REVIEW: "Full of excellent entertainment, fine writing, and first rate examples of the eternal freshness of man's imagination. An amazing level of excellence. There is more than enough to go around, and all of it is good."

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of the heinous crime of having autographed pictures of President Roosevelt, General Eisenhower, and my wife displayed in my living room. My only defense to this is that I like those three people very much.

But frankly, Bennett, I can't get very indignant about the article. To begin with, I am a confirmed *New Yorker* fan, but I don't read it for facts or truth. I like it because of its charm and humor, its complete irresponsibility and its delightful disregard for the real facts of life as it is lived in our town. In the issue we are discussing I was much more interested in the hilarious piece by S. J. Perelman than I was in the little bouquet tossed to me. In fact *The New Yorker* can murder me on any given page every week if I can have a dish of Perelman or Mencken or Brubaker on the following page.

As for making any controversy over this minor and quite unimportant incident—why bother? After all, Harold Ross has spent a great deal of time and energy building a legend around himself, a legend based on the proposition that "Bad manners are good weapons." He has to work so so hard to live up to that legend. Poor Harold is always "on stage" and I pity him because under that loud, boorish personality he has assumed Harold is really a nice simple not-too-bright guy. Perhaps in another reincarnation the fates will be kinder to him, and put him in his proper niche in life—as manager for instance of an A and P store in a town like Aspen, Colorado, Pop.—777. Then Harold could be himself.

There the matter rests.

I MUST ADMIT with regret that when Ross accuses me of inaccuracy he is hitting me in a vulnerable spot. In a single week three statements from Trade Winds were questioned by all-too-competent authorities. Sinclair Lewis pointed out that his new novel definitely is *not* laid in Duluth, but in "a completely imaginary middle-sized Minnesota city called Grand Republic." Alfred McIntyre of Little, Brown wrote that I erred in including the Fannie Farmer Cook Book in the list of "books that sell in the thousands year after year without a penny being spent to exploit them or a moment's time given to them by the sales and editorial departments." "The fact is," said McIntyre, "that during the past five years we have put more time and effort on that one book than we have on each or any one of eighty per cent of the new books we have published in that period." Finally, Alfred Knopf called to say that "The Prophet" did *not* sell "more than 70,000 copies in 1944." The figure was closer to 65,000. . . . I vow to be more careful in the future. Maybe Ross will be more considerate. And maybe all of you will be relieved if we end the story at this point in the approved *New Yorker* manner by "putting on our hats and coats, and going home."

BENNETT CERF.

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Orderly Madhouse

LOST IN THE HORSE LATITUDES. By H. Allen Smith. Illustrated by Leo Hershfield. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1944. 224 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

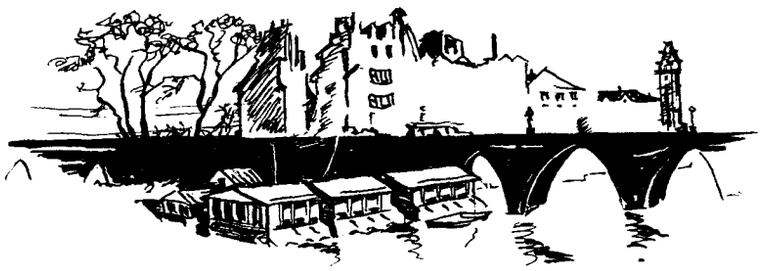
THE head janitor of this orderly madhouse is unusual among the literate Smiths in that the titles of all his books begin with the letter L, although there is no indication that he is committed to this whim *à l'outrance*. Mr. Smith's previous books were "Low Man on a Totem Pole" and "Life in a Putty Knife Factory."

There is much method in Mr. Smith's caprices, so there may be something in this L business. He is a master of the *mot juste*, which oftener than not, in his hands, is a harsh, occasionally bawdy, Anglo-Saxon monosyllable. (I do not refer to any special monosyllable.) His is the apparently aimless agility of the Rocky Mountain goat, leaping from non-sequitur to non-sequitur but getting where he wants to go, getting there quick, and landing on his feet. I should not care to be in Mr. Smith's bad books (though I doubt if he will ever write any), because he is a master of mordant metaphor and he delights in pricking the bubbles of pretense and pomposity. Some of his antics are at least as old as Laurence Sterne. What of it?

Mr. Smith's speciality is observation rather than imagination (but he is good at that too). He began life as a reporter and he has never turned his back on his trade. He is highly responsive to his milieu, and as his milieu at the moment is Hollywood there is a lot of Hollywood in "Lost," etc. It is not at all, let me gratefully add, the Hollywood of the man who broadcasts on behalf of an under-arm deodorant.

The horse latitudes, I learn (but not from Mr. Smith), are "the zones of high atmospheric pressure with calms and variable breezes along the polar edges of the belt of the trade winds." Nobody has the slightest idea where the horse latitudes got their name. One school holds that these areas are so calm that horses aboard sailing ships (just what are the horses doing there?) die (of ennui?). A more arty theory is that the name grows out of the boisterous nature of the winds. The thing is completely cockeyed. That was all Mr. Smith wanted.

"Lost in the Horse Latitudes" can be particularly recommended to two classes of people—those going a journey and those staying home. Both groups will be delighted by Leo Hershfield's apposite drawings.



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Seeing Things

OFF THE ROAD TO MANDERLEY

THE movies did it much better. They overdressed "Rebecca,"* as Hollywood is apt to overdress everything. The West of the studios continues to be golden. Producers there have the Midas touch. They swell the budgets of most characters, making it possible for them to live beyond their means and our dreams. Their idea of a pauper is our idea of a prince.

They made Maxim de Winter rich even beyond the wealth with which Miss Du Maurier and England had endowed him. They turned Manderley into the kind of English country house, not that England knows, but in which a movie actress would be happy to entertain either a high-school friend or Louella Parsons. True, Hollywood did not give Max a swimming pool, as it did Juliet when it put the Capulets on relief. But this, no doubt, was due to Miss Du Maurier's wise insistence that in her story the sea should play a character part.

Hollywood cast "Rebecca" excellently. The performances of Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine, and Judith Anderson were such as to satisfy the most jealous readers who feel, not without reason, that a novel's place is in book form. Hollywood also gave Miss Du Maurier's thriller the benefit of Alfred Hitchcock's direction. And no one can deny that Mr. Hitchcock is a man who knows his way around a cadaver.

Above all, the screen granted the novel space. It allowed the plot to roam, as a novelist's plot usually chooses to roam, in and out of doors. It permitted it to wander up the long staircase, into the great hall, around the house, through the gardens, down to the cove, inside the cottage by the sea, and up to London and back in a racing automobile. This sense of space, this freedom of movement, which as a medium the camera shares with the novel but which the realistic stage does not, helped—and vastly helped—in preserving both the atmosphere and the tension of the book.

In the theatre you miss this space. You miss it the moment the curtain goes up. You know then that the story is to be cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd. The program confesses that Miss Du Maurier, who made the dramatization herself, has turned "Rebecca" into a one-set play. A single glance at this setting, however, is enough to inform you that the novel is now a victim of claustrophobia. Stuffed into a straightjacket, the book endeavors in vain to make the gestures which once were natural to it.

Behind the footlights de Winter bobs up as a poor little rich boy, indeed. He still talks rich, as poor men will. But he is almost taxed out of existence by the limitations of the stage. His fortune, so sizable but believable in Miss Du Maurier's pages, so bloated in Hollywood's version, has now been gobbled up without mercy by the termites of lean times.

If in the theatre Manderley has not become a combination livingroom-diningroom, it has dwindled into a combination livingroom-stairway, so strangely crowded as to bring blushes to the cheeks of any of suburbia's self-respecting architects. The result is much the same as if all the hounds of the Baskervilles had been chained up in one doghouse. Or as if the witches, instead of meeting on the heath, had foregathered in a kitchenette hidden behind a screen in Macbeth's banqueting hall.

What one objects to in this hall-bedroom version of Miss Du Maurier's novel is not that de Winter is poorer than he was but that the dead Rebecca is less sinister than she needs to be. Her evil power has been curtailed to fit the dimensions of the shrunken realm over which she now casts her spell.

Ordinarily, when a novel suffers by being transferred to the stage, it is the playwright and not the novelist who is accused of literary mayhem. In the case of "Rebecca," however, it is Miss Du Maurier herself who must be blamed. She who is the Injun-giver, who has now taken away from her script the merits it once had by exposing it to a medium for which it was not intended. One can only wonder why, having succeeded in telling her story as a novel, and having had Hollywood retell it for her successfully as a motion picture, she should have bothered to want to restate it as a play.

The trouble with "Rebecca," as it now goes down for the third time, is not that it is a one-set play. The trouble is that its plot was never meant to be a play at all, and refuses to become one.

Diana Barrymore and Florence Reed

Some of the theatre's most praiseworthy guignols have, of course, taken place within a single setting. "Ladies in Retirement" and "Angel Street" are easy illustrations of how much horror and suspense can be crowded behind the footlights within the confines of one room. "The Little Foxes" is another, and worthier, example. Because of having been so brilliantly contrived for the stage, it lost the moment it was granted the ubiquity of the camera. On the screen it told the same sulphurous story Miss Hellman had told in dramatic form. But it told it without allowing us to rejoice because of its triumphs over a challenging medium. It told it without those displays of virtuosity which were the proofs of Miss Hellman's skill. What had thundered like a cannonball on the stage became so many whiffs of grapeshot in the picture.

The problem of "Rebecca" in the theatre is just the opposite of "The Little Foxes" on the screen. Miss Du Maurier has elected to tie up in a box stall a story which, as she first told it, galloped with a hunter's ease. Moreover, when it is so tied up, she asks us to believe it is still moving as swiftly as it once did. The fault is one of her own choosing if we can't see the horse for the halter.

In the play Miss Du Maurier has made from her book, we miss more than the spread of Manderley, with its crimson rhododendrons, its interlacing trees, its many rooms, its Lelys and Vandykes, its minstrels' gallery and the sound of the nearby sea. We also miss the point of view of that young lady, the second Mrs. de Winter who had, and now has, a last but not a first name. It was she who served Miss Du Maurier as her Seeing "I." I

REBECCA, a dramatization by Daphne Du Maurier of Miss Du Maurier's novel. Presented by Victor Payne-Jennings at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre with Bramwell Fletcher, Florence Reed, and Diana Barrymore. Directed by Clarence Derwent. Setting designed by Watson Barratt.

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was she through whose eyes and nerves we saw and felt not only the haunted Manderley and the dreadful Mrs. Danvers but the dead Rebecca.

The "Rebecca" which is now cooped up in one incredible room loses by having its action occur outside of the consciousness of this second Mrs. de Winter. It does not matter that the earlier chapters, in which this young girl was shown in Monte Carlo as a companion of a wealthy woman, are missing. They were inevitable casualties. What does matter is that the "I" of the book is bound in the dramatization to become just one more of the characters on stage. Instead of speaking to us personally, she now listens, in the fashion of the others, and our fashion also, to the talk—the endless talk—the dull synopsizing—which is about all that is left of what was once the novel's action.

Clarence Derwent's direction emphasizes rather than minimizes the difficulties the novel faces on the stage. Bramwell Fletcher's Max de Winter has its moments of being well read, but it is spottier than a Dalmatian coachdog. Diana Barrymore, in the thankless part of the second Mrs. de Winter, is neither quite an amateur nor quite a Barrymore. As Mrs. Danvers, Florence Reed has the kind of tight-lipped, white-faced, black-dressed villainess to play that any actress would put her right age in "Who's Who" to act. Miss Reed could act her too, and well, if only Mr. Derwent, the script, and the setting gave her half a chance.

All in all, it is not surprising that in its theatrical incarnation Manderley does not burst into flames, as it did in the novel and on the screen. One of the troubles of the evening is that, in spite of all the smoke, there is not the faintest suggestion of fire.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Linnet. Wordsworth: "The Green Linnet." 2. Robin. Scott: "Proud Maisie." 3. Daws. Keats: "The Eve of St. Mark." 4. Blackbird. Henley: "The Blackbird." 5. Doves. De la Mare: "Silver." 6. Gull. Masefield: "Sea Fever." 7. Owl. Gray: "Elegy." 8. Sparrows. Longfellow: "The Birds of Killingworth." 9. Bobolink. Bryant: "Robert of Lincoln." 10. Cock. Milton: "L'Allegro." 11. Marsh hen. Lanier: "The Marshes of Glynn. 12. Cuckoo. Noyes: "The Barrel Organ. 13. Chaffinch. Browning. "Home Thoughts from Abroad." 14. Larks. McCrae: "In Flanders Field." 15. Crow. Lowell: "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

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and VICTORIA CRANFORD, Psychotherapist and Rorschach Analyst, Haarlem Lodge, Catonsville, Md.; The Farm for Alcoholic Patients, Howard County, Md.
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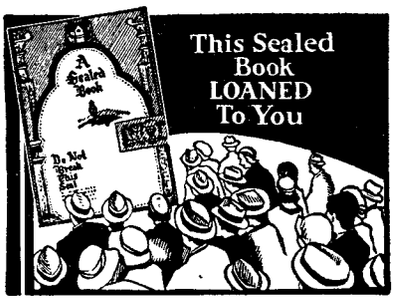

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THE following poem was written in 1943 and sent me by my friend, the Oklahoman, Welborn Hope. I like the spontaneity of it.

ROLL AWAY, IOWA CORN

I am the laziest man that ever was born—
Roll away, roll away, Iowa corn!
I don't want to work or do a blessèd thing
But in the Midwest twilight sit and sing
And clap my hands for joy of being born—
Roll away, roll away, Iowa corn:
Roll away, sparkling like a growing soul,
Roll away beyond the glowing knoll!
The highway's houselike fleets are roaring on,
But in the silence, after they are gone,
I lay my ear down on the throbbing ground,
And hear with all my soul a nobler sound:
Deep in America's heart I hear the drumming
Of the Grand Singing Years majestically coming—
And I clap my hands again because I was born:
Roll away, with all my cares, Iowa corn!

John Stapleton Cowley-Brown reminds me that Algernon Charles Swinburne did not like Arthur Hugh Clough. He would not have been among the subscribers to the Clough memorial at Charleston, S. C., for he once delivered himself of the following quatrain:

There once was a poet named Clough
Whom his friends did their damndest to puff.
But the Public, though dull
Has not quite such a skull
As belongs to believers in Clough.

Swinburne could blister like that at a moment's notice. Also you will always remember, from that quatrain, how to pronounce Clough's name. I do not, of course, share Algernon's aversion.

I am very glad that a Eugene F. Saxton Memorial has been established by Harper and Brothers. 'Gene was always ready and glad to give time, labor, and substance to assist and encourage good writers, and the purpose of the Memorial Trust is to continue his benefactions by offering fellowships with substantial outright grants of money to creative writers, especially those who have never had books published and who lack established publishing connections or other means of financial assistance. All funds are at the absolute disposal of three trustees who are Martha P. Saxton, widow of Eugene F. Saxton; Amy Loveman, associate editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and head of the editorial department of the Book-of-the-Month Club; and Edward C. Aswell, editor of general publications for Harper and Brothers. All applicants should write to the Eugene F. Saxton Memorial Trust, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y., for an application form which must be filled out.

In 'Gene Saxton's death I lost an old and valued friend. I remember very vividly when Elinor Wylie was writing her first novel, "Jennifer Lorn," and what an interest he took in the manufacture of the book, so as to adapt it perfectly to style and period. To my mind he was one of the finest book editors of our time, with a wide range of appreciation.

The whole kit and boodle of the National Fantasy Fan Federation have written me at one time or another, and I have only space to acknowledge letters from Charles James Fern, Jr., Walter Dunkelberger, and Bob Tucker. The chairman—or -woman—of the Recruiting Committee of the Neff is

Mari Beth Wheeler,
Box 260,
Bloomington, Illinois.

As for Earle Walbridge's inquiry, it seems that "Stfan" and "stefnic" are both derived from "stf." Stf, *not* pronounced ess-tee-eph, is an abridgment of *scientifiction*, "Hugo Gernsback's gift to a fantast's vocabulary. A stfan (or stefan) is a fan of stf; stefnic means pertaining to or originating in stf."

The League for Sanity in Poetry has sent me its brochure. Unfortunately the poems there singled out for attack are all good ones. Kenneth Fearing's "Travelogue in a Shooting-Gallery" has something that can only be described as Modern Magic. E. E. Cummings's "Number V," in the beginning quoted, is a perfectly exact reproduction of an argument by a drunk in a bar; and if Manet could paint a barroom there is no reason why a poet should not exhibit the unconscious social commentary of a drunk talking in a bar. As for Marianne Moore, she is an accomplished artist in her own vein, and in her own manner which has evolved from one of the most original minds of our time. Having known Marianne since we were both children together I

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know her to be a person and writer of the highest integrity, with an odd and amazing sense of humor and a great deal of erudition. I therefore think that, if the League for Sanity is "loaded for b'ar," it is certainly barking up some of the wrong trees, due to the presence of which it cannot seem to see the real woods. Anyway, why have a League for Sanity, when most of the world is insane? I once wrote on the Thumb Bill for the Prohibition of Imaginative Literature. And, by the way, anent that, Sergeant W. G. Gaffney, stationed at St. Louis, Missouri, sends me the following:

> I have just got around to the *SRL* for 23 September 1944, a fact which may give you some idea of how literature and its adjuncts (such as reviews) reach the armed forces, even those not across deserts, oceans, or icecaps. And, therefore, I had not till just now seen your account of the Thumb Bill for the Prohibition of Imaginative Literature—which, on the whole, to one who remembers Lusk and Palmer and Prohibition, seems not too implausible a conception.
>
> I write, spurred by the mild parallel, to ask if you know Eugene Zamiatin's novel "We," published some 20-odd years ago, I think by Huebsch. It anticipated by several years Huxley's "Brave New World" in portraying the superstate of generations hence—when, after the Two Hundred Years' War, all but two-tenths of one per cent of the world's population had been wiped out and the remaining fragment lived happy, well-ordered lives in the glassed-in cities of the United State, under laws known as the Tables of the Hours, based on the Taylor System. There is at last (this is what provides the novel's plot) a revolt—which proves abortive—engaged in by some misguided people who still possess imagination. The Well-Doer, head of the United State, sees to it that his scientists find out what corner of the brain houses this subversive tendency, and an operation is devised to remove it. All are ordered to submit to the operation or suffer the death (or rather, disintegration) penalty—and everybody submits. On which somber note the book ends.
>
> If you don't know it, I recommend it highly for its more gruesome spots—such as the conversation with the "artist-engineer" who has just been designing diaphragms for the lamp-posts, the diaphragms being to conceal microphones to record all street conversations so that they could be examined for subversive doctrines by the agents of the Well-Doer. And the poor girl who (having imagination) went "mad" because she couldn't have a baby, being 5/16 of a centimeter short of the required Maternal Norm.

To our recent Keatsiana, Earle Walbridge adds the following:

> To correct an obvious misprint, Eliza Chester, an actress who held the Court appointment of reader to George IV, bought the two houses of Wentworth Place in 1838, not 1938. Dorothy Hewlett, in her "Adonais; a Life of John Keats" (Bobbs, 1938), continues: "She converted them into one house, adding a large drawing-room which is entered through Brown's house-door on the eastern side of the building. Wentworth Place, now the Keats Memorial House, is full of the peace and dignity of age though tragedy has owned it. Keats was ill and unhappy within its walls; in 1828 Sam Brawne died there of the same disease; and in November, 1829, Mrs. Brawne came to a terrible end. Holding aloft a candle to light a friend out of the house her dress caught fire and she died as the result of burns. In the garden, the design of which is little altered since Keats's day, there are some fine old trees. The glory of them is a two hundred-years-old mulberry tree now supporting his great age with a crutch but still producing abundant fruit. The plum tree under which the "Nightingale" Ode is said to have been written is still there though it is now only an ivy-clad stump.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 30

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(*Continued from page 29*)

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The Crostics Club

THE use of the word *authoress* in No. 565, when I had promised to throw it overboard in deference to those who dislike such discrimination between the sexes, needs an explanation. The puzzle was sent to the *SRL* a year ago for the '44 Music Number, but in the end I discarded it for one by Lamb. I haven't seen it since, but I thought it would be fun to use this year as a change from current authors.

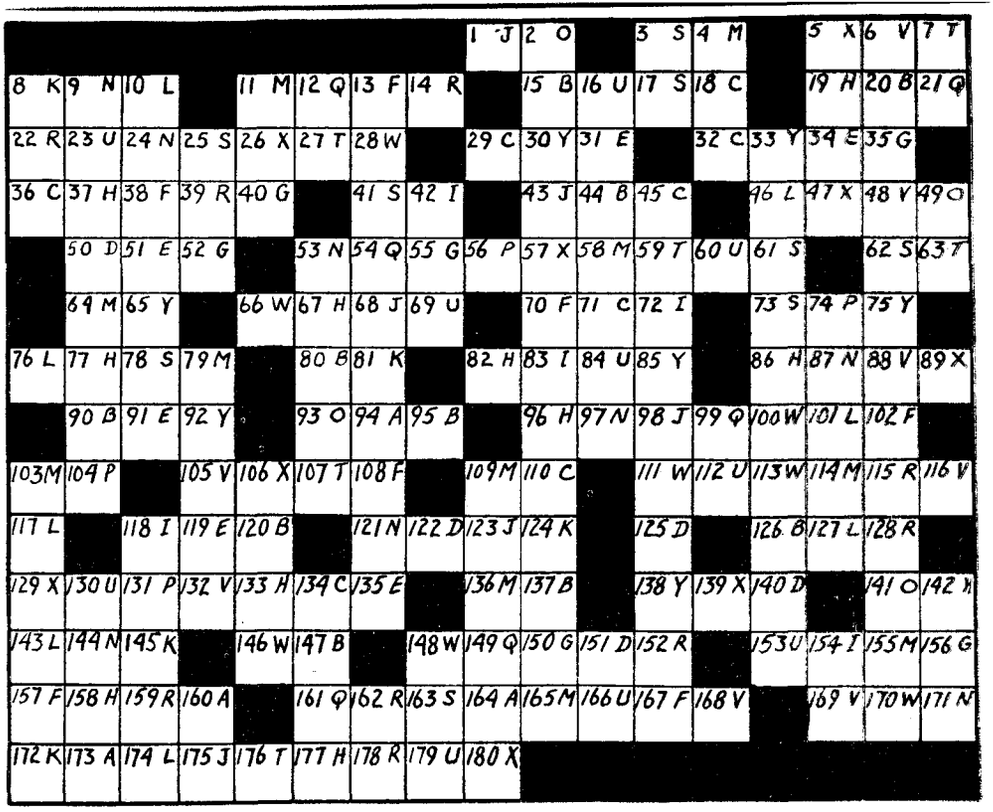
The DC of January 27 also calls for comment. When I read that Lin Yutang's new book was due January 25, I got in touch with the John Day Co. to get in time by hook or crook a copy that the DC might appear with the book's publication. There's an element of excitement in such a surprise! They sent me a copy at once. Similarly, when I did Dennis Brogan's "The American Character" for *The N. Y. Times,* Knopf allowed me to use the proofs in their office, as the book was not ready thus far in advance of its publication date. The other day in looking over some back copies of *The N. Y. Times Book Review* section I came across the very selection I had used quoted by Donald Adams. It was a momentary shock until I noted that the date was a week later than that of my puzzle. Our tastes in reading the book were similar. By the way, do you puzzlers know of that radio program called Transatlantic Quiz, heard over our N. Y. WJZ every Monday at 10:30 P. M.? On it three American questioners, led by Alistair Cook, Quizmaster, including Christopher Morley and a guest (recently Frank Fay), hurl questions at three Britishers in the BBC London studio, led by Lionel Hale, Quizmaster, including Dennis Brogan and a guest. They keep score to note which side wins—"Three points for a bull's eye, two for a near miss, and one for a brave try." Of course the Americans ask about American practices, characters, and such, and the English about British ones. Brogan and Morley are truly sharks about the other fellow's country, and the whole is good-natured, informative fun.

I should have added to the books I secured for puzzles in advance Simeon Strunsky's "No Mean City," but I did not know that the writer of that incomparable column, "Topics of the Times," was a DCer until a note from him lately mentioned his perplexity at working out his own name in a DC.

If I had given you *kaffeyeh*—to use up *f*'s and an *h*—you would have called it a strange word of no concern to you; but if you read Anne O'Hare McCormick's column wherein she speaks of Abdullah of Arabia in his black robe and flowing white *kaffeyeh,* it would have had some meaning.

In defining *eclipses* in a DC for No. 18 I had written the verb *clouds,* but on second thought, fearing that you might place *obscures* in the blanks, I changed the definition to *obscures.* I do sometimes have mercy on you!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 567

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A fast driver; a coachman (humorous).

B. Russian jurist, politician, historian (1869-; "Background of the Russian Revolution").

C. *Field* of battle in which Richard III was slain ("King Richard the Third").

D. Medieval instrument, progenitor of the violin.

E. Father of Meleager and Dejanira.

F. Separate minority body of the Free Church (Scotland; 2 wds.)

G. Having a long or large nose (zoöl.)

H. Greek composer-conductor (Minn. Symphony Orch.)

I. Chief gods of the Teutonic pantheon.

J. An old man preëminent for wisdom (Greek origin).

K. Former name of Tokyo.

L. Stirs to performance.

M. Prewar imperialism manifested in the foreign policy of Germany (Ger.)

N. Steady or firm attachment.

O. Inferior, long, slender, tapering cigar (U. S.)

P. Broken spike of grain separated from the kernels, chaff, etc., in threshing.

Q. A President of the United States.

R. Sec'y of Treas., 1865, and U. S. Senator from N. E., 1865-9.

S. Lutheran divines (a school) holding the belief that Christ's body is everywhere, esp. in the Eucharist.

T. American educator and writer (U. of Chicago; 1870-).

U. Gelatin pudding with chestnuts.

V. Son of Jacob and Leah, compared in J.'s blessing to a strong ass.

W. American composer (1898-1937).

X. Canadians portrayed by W. H. Drummond in his poetry (1897, etc.)

Y. A token or password; a piece of a mosaic.

WORDS

173 160 94 164

126 95 15 147 80 120 44 20 137 30

32 110 134 36 71 18 45 29

151 140 50 125 122

91 34 119 135 51 31

157 102 167 70 38 13 108

35 150 40 55 52 156

177 158 86 142 37 19 77 133 82 67 96

118 83 42 154 72

43 123 175 1 68 98

124 8 172 145 81

127 101 10 174 143 117 46 76

11 4 58 109 114 136 79 64 103 165 155

171 53 87 97 24 144 121 9

93 2 141 49

131 74 104 56

12 54 21 99 149 161

22 115 152 159 162 14 39 178 128

17 3 62 163 78 41 61 73 25

7 27 107 59 63 176

179 112 60 84 130 153 166 16 69 23

6 48 168 88 116 105 132 169

66 170 111 113 146 148 100 28

139 106 129 26 180 47 89 57 5

138 75 65 85 33 92 30

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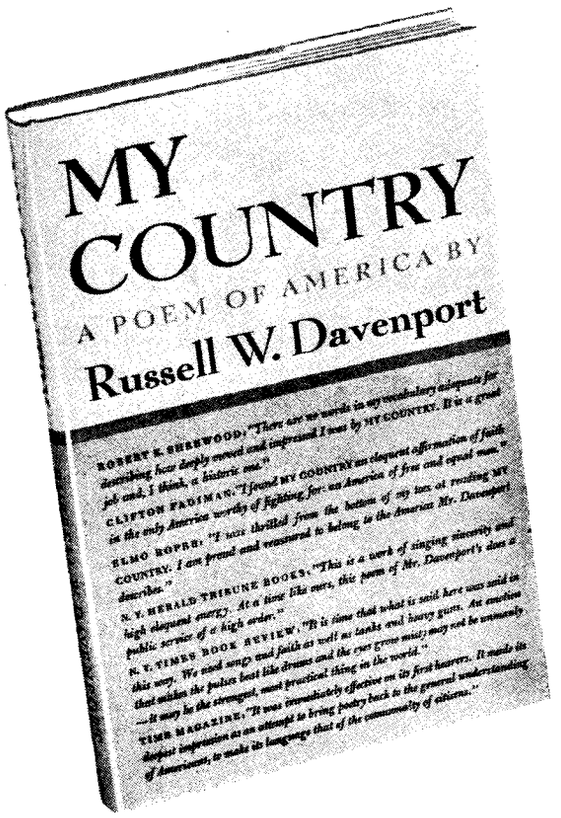

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